THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I'D BE WITH THEE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

Not while thou lov'st to linger
Upon the heights of fame,
While she with calm, cold finger,
Doth write thy storied name
On tomes whose snowy pages
Breathe naught save but of thee,
Or 'midst the bards and sages
Of proud antiquity.

If wealth with golden pinions
Should plume herself for flight,
And leave thy drear dominions
Without one gleam of light;
Then were thy hours of gladness
So full of mirth and glee,
Thus changed to care and sadness,
Ah, then I'd be with thee.

I'd love thee, fondly love thee,
The beautiful and true,
And bid the skies above thee
Bend low their arch of blue.
I'd twine a chaplet thither—
Of amaranth 'twould be,
A wreath that ne'er should wither
And be thy devotee.

"EVANGELINE! EVANGELINE!"

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Evangeline! Evangeline!"

My aunt's voice came up stairs, and found me at the chamber window watching the great webs of black clouds as they rolled themselves out of the west and overspread the sky, while the winds rose and poured down from the mountains, like the blast of a mighty organ, shaking the earth.

"What is it, Aunt Emmeline?"

"Won't you see that the chamber windows are closed at once. I think that a terrible storm is almost upon us."

I went from chamber to chamber of the large old stone house, carefully securing all the casements, and then I came back to my own room, and to my favorite seat by the window which looked out on the west.

The rain beat down now in a thick blinding sheet, rent, and tossed to and fro by the frantic winds—winds that fairly shook the strong, old house, and wrung the branches of the oaks around it; and tore madly through the shrubbery in the garden, while overhead was that black, blank mass of cloud; which every few minutes was rent apart by the lightnings, and filled with their bright, vivid overshot, which flashed and played, and vanished in a moment, leaving nothing but the same dead gloomy groundwork fast

For awhile I enjoyed the storm. My spirits rode jubilant on the cry of the winds, and the whirl of the rain, but as the night began to fall, a strange, unusual feeling of loneliness came over me.

I was, this twentieth of September, in the sixteenth year of my life, and I had lived the last three with my Aunt Emmeline Pryor.

She was my father's only sister, and childless. And when God called my mother, as he had called my father years before, my aunt took me to her home.

It was, on many accounts, a very pleasant one. My aunt gratified all my wishes, and they had not at that time a very wide range, for I was a dreamy, introverted sort of child, of delicate physique, and dainty tastes, fond of long, lonely rambles in the woods in pleasant weather, and of the quiet of my own room, where I passed most of the time plunged in books, with which I was quite too plentifully supplied.

My aunt, Emmeline Pryor, was at this time about thirty-seven years of age. She was a woman of much intelligence, and strong individuality of character. Her social position, her wealth, and her general cultivation made her society much courted by the first people in the old-fashioned country town where we resided.

So my aunt had many acquaintances, considerable company, but no friends.

Young as I was, my instincts soon taught me this; and that she had little or no affection for any human being. Her heart seemed locked up, and she had hung the key where no mortal hand could reach it.

She was a woman of dignified presence and pleasing address, and no one would have fancied when looking on her fair forehead and the bloom which still sat wide and bright in her cheeks, that she had nearly closed up her second score of years. Courteous, affable, kind, she was tender and impulsive to none, and during the three years in which I had been an inmate of her household, she had never lavished a caress upon or spoken a loving word to me.

I think my heart hungered for these sometimes; and that there were hours when I wandered athirst for the sweet waters of human love, through the broad and stately rooms of the house which held no heart for me.

Still my aunt was watchful of my health, desirous of my happiness; and my books and my dreams prevented my life from stagnating, though neither afforded the healthful nourishment which I needed.

The storm strengthened as shadows deepened in the corners, while I sat in my lonely chamber, until a shiver of fear crept through all my limbs: I longed for the sight of some human face, the sound of some human voice, and at last the oppression grew insupportable. I sprang up and rushed down stairs, and found my aunt in the sitting room before a bright wood fire, for the evening in the late September was chilly.

She was watching dreamily the bright flash and leap of the flames, and her hands were lying idly in her lap.

She looked up as I entered.

"Evangeline," said the soft, calm voice, "I was just wondering where you were keeping yourself?"

"I've been in my room, Aunt Emmeline, but somehow the storm frightened me. Isn't it terrible?"

"It is the heaviest I have known for years. Come and sit down here by the fire, my child."

I drew a low ottoman to one corner and sat down. The great pine knots were wrapped in bright sheets of flame, and the long, yellow shafts stretched themselves up the chimney until the whole looked to me like an immense flower, its flaming heart and petals of golden flame suddenly blossoming out of the darkness.

I watched it for awhile, and the voices of the wind and the rain drove through the silence in which I sat with my Aunt Emmeline.

The firelight dashed in and out of her face, and she looked like a picture sitting there, so still and steadfast, with her eyes on the flames.

An unutterable longing for some human love came over my heart as I sat there; a new tenderness and yearning toward my aunt swept over me, and with a sudden impulse I drew myself close to her, laid my head in her lap, and said—

"Oh, Aunt Emmeline, don't you love me?"

She started, and I felt a sudden tremor go over her. Then she lifted my head and held it in the palm of her hand, and looked earnestly in my face; and there was a strange agitation in hers. At last the answer came.

"I believe I do, *some*, Evangeline," but she said the word sadly, and as if the belief gave her more pain than pleasure.

"But I want to be certain of it, Aunt Emmeline. I haven't any father or mother to whom I can ask this question; and to-night I feel alone in the world."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, my child;" and her soft hand went to and fro in my hair, as it had never done before. "I want to make you very contented, very happy."

"I know you do—but, but there is something about you I don't understand, Aunt Emmeline, good as you are to me."

I wondered at my boldness, after I had spoken, for my aunt was by no means an accessible person, and always repelled anything like intrusion on her own private feelings and personality.

But her hand did not pause in its caressing movement through my hair, as she answered—

"Quite likely, Evangeline. But you would not be any happier, if you did."

I paused awhile to consider this answer, but it was out of my depth. And my next question pursued the matter from a different point.

"Aunt Emmeline, papa was your only brother; you loved him, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, dearly."

She broke down here. I heard a quick, half-stifled sob, and then my calm, self-contained aunt, buried her face in both hands, and cried like a child.

I heard no more the trampling of the rain, the cry of the wind; only the slow, soft falling of the tears of my aunt, and I felt that they would refresh the dusty roadside of her heart.

At last she took down her hands and smiled on me, a soft, tender smile such as I had never seen in her face, one that exalted and beautified it.

"Little girl, I have not shed so many tears for a dozen of years."

My face in its wonder and pity must have answered this remark, for my lips did not.

"Yes, Evangeline, I *did* love your father with my whole heart. You know he was my only brother, and when our father and mother went the way yours have gone, he took the place of both to me, he was the best brother that ever sister had."

"But afterward, Aunt Emmeline, you had somebody to love better than he?"

It was the first time I had ever alluded to my aunt's husband. A quick change flashed over her face—a look of intense pain and bitterness, and scorn filled it.

"Yes, Evangeline," but I thought the low, rapid tones which seemed borne along by deep torrents of half-suppressed emotion were spoken more to herself than to me. "Yes, I *did* love somebody else once," she said; "and what did it avail me but sorrow and shame and long months of silent weeping, and bitter agony—agony that broke my heart, and wasted my youth and left my womanhood the cold, empty, barren thing that it is."

"Oh, Aunt Emmeline, how terrible!" and I shuddered as I clung to her.

I think my voice recalled her to all she had been saying, for she gazed at me with a startled look as though she was amazed at the emotions which had hurried her out of her usual calm. Then she rose up and walked rapidly up and down the room, and the firelight flashed and darkened about her as she walked.

At last she came and sat down by me and took my hands in hers, and said,

"Evangeline, I did not mean to tell you—not at least for years, the story of my disappointed and broken life. But what has escaped me cannot be recalled, and though I cannot linger on the details, you shall know, in a few words, the great facts, and afterward we will never allude to the subject again.

"I was only eighteen years when I met Edward Pryor for the first time. I had had an attack of lung fever that summer, and was just recovering from it, when my Uncle John, (my mother's only brother,) came from the East Indies to visit his home, and your father and himself thought I would be invigorated by a journey to the sea shore.

"My brother was at that time just entering on his mercantile career, so that no one but my uncle accompanied me.

"That visit formed a new, dazzling epoch in my existence, for my life had been a very secluded one in the old country home where I was born.

"It was not strange that I was bewildered and dazzled by my first introduction to the fashionable world, and I received many flattering attentions during my stay of two months at the shore, for I was reputed my uncle's heiress, as his fondness for me was so evident, and he was known to be childless, a widower and a millionaire.

"Edward Pryor had at that time just finished his professional studies. He was an unusually fine looking young man, of polished and agreeable manners, and if not a profound, a brilliant scholar. He devoted himself to me during most of my visit; we rode and walked and sailed together. I was a romantic girl, Evangeline, full of generous impulses, of young hopes and dreams, and Edward Pryor played his game well, and when we stood one night by the shore, with the slow tides coming in, and fringing with white foam the sands about our feet, the young man told me that I held in my hands all the joy of his future, all the hopes of his life, and asked me to be his wife. I gave to him as true and trusting a heart as woman ever gave to man, a heart that would have gone to prison or to death for the love that it bore him.

"My uncle was more than satisfied with our engagement, for the young man had taken every means to propitiate the rich old East Indian merchant, and Walter, though *he* regarded the whole thing as somewhat precipitate, said to me, with a smile, as he pulled my curls,

"'I don't want to give you up a bit, little sister, but if you are satisfied I won't make any wry faces.'

"Edward Pryor and my brother became good friends, for the former was an acute student of human nature, and knew how to adopt himself to almost any kind of men or women, amidst whom he happened to be thrown.

"Well, to be brief as possible, my uncle returned home late in the autumn, and just before his departure our marriage was consummated.

"Uncle John gave me a bridal present of ten thousand dollars, and set your father up in business.

"The four years which followed my marriage were, on the whole, happy ones. I saw very slowly that the idol which I had worshipped possessed very serious blemishes, still my affection had become a habit with me, and though my husband was indolent, irritable, and selfish in many respects, he was never seriously unkind, and, on the whole, the current of our lives flowed smoothly together.

"One day, however, it was in the fourth autumn after our marriage, he came into the room where I was busy dressing the cage of my canary with some wild flowers I had gathered in the woods.

"'Emmeline, what will you give me for this?' he said, holding a letter just above my head. 'It is from your uncle, I suspect.'

"We had a playful chase after the letter. I succeeded in getting it at last, and, for my husband was in one of his best moods, half a dozen kisses besides.

"'See if your uncle says anything about our making him that promised visit, dear?' throwing himself down by my side as I broke the seal. 'I feel as if I should like to make a sea voyage this fall.'

"Three minutes later I knew all. My uncle was dead, and the last six months of his life had been filled with a series of pecuniary disasters, which induced the paralytic stroke that closed his life. He was reputed a much wealthier man than he was in reality, but he was nevertheless possessed of large wealth, until the commercial house failed in which he was senior partner.

"The breaking of a bank, the treachery of a friend for whom he had largely endorsed, and several heavy losses by sea completed my uncle's business ruin.

"The letter fell from my hands. I did not give one thought to the lost wealth which I was to have inherited. I only felt that my kind old uncle had met death in that far-off land with no one that he loved to bend over his dying pillow, and catch the last smile or blessing from his eyes before they were darkened for ever, and the face must have been a very white and shocked one which I lifted to my husband, for his own grew pale as he asked:

"'What is the matter, Emmeline?'

"I pointed to the letter lying on the floor. My husband picked it up and ran his eyes greedily over the lines; then he dashed down the sheet with a fierce oath, the first which I had ever heard from the lips of Edward Pryor.

"'What do you mean?' I asked, with a cold chill creeping about my heart, as I looked up in his angry face.

"'Mean!' he retorted, as he paced the floor to and fro. 'I should think there was small need of your asking that question, Emmeline Pryor, while that letter tells you that we are penniless—beggars!'

"Then the truth suddenly flashed across me. I was so stunned betwixt grief and scorn, that I could not make answer for several minutes. At last the words came:

"'And this is all your love for me, Edward Pryor, that when you learn of the death of the dearest relative I have on earth, you only throw it in my face that we are beggars!'

"He laughed a bitter, scornful laugh.

"'Love for you!' he said. 'Do you suppose, you pretty little simpleton, that my love for you ever went deeper than your uncle's will? That I would have married you if I had not supposed you were his heiress!'

"And every word that man spoke, Evangeline, was like a sword, cutting down sharply into my soul. But I did not shriek, or stir. Sitting on the corner of the lounge, I looked up calm and steadfast in his sullen face, and said:

"'Edward Pryor, on your sacred honor, do you tell me that you married me simply for the money which you thought I would inherit?'

"'On my sacred honor, I married you solely, Emmeline Pryor, simply for the money which I thought that you would inherit.'

"So, without any warning, the blow fell.

"I must not dwell upon that time, Evangeline, for my reason rocked under it, and what saved me from falling into idiocy or insanity, God only knows.

"Suffice it to say now, that all hope or faith went out of my life, and that I had but one longing, and that was, for the death that would end it. I moped about my house frozen into silence and pallor. Everybody said I was going into a decline."

"And your husband, Aunt Emmeline?" I asked in the pause which slipped betwixt her words.

"He threw off all disguises now. The man whom my imagination had exalted to so lofty an altitude of all nobleness and goodness, heaped daily abuse upon me, and, in his paroxysms of rage, made me absolutely in terror of personal violence. He taunted me with my poverty, my simplicity, and mockingly inquired what I supposed would have induced a descendant of so ancient and honorable a race as the old English Pryors to have wedded a plebeian country girl, had it not been for the expectation that her wealth would in some wise atone for her origin and lack of social position."

"Oh! Aunt Emmeline!" I exclaimed, in a great heat of anger, "he was not a man—he was a fiend!"

"I used to think so; but I bore taunt, reproach, insult, so quietly, that I believe he came at last to think he had crushed all spirit out of me, but he was mistaken. I was still in the blossoming years of my youth, and the sudden storm beat so heavily upon me, that for a while I could not react. I was stupefied, overwhelmed with a great horror, but at last I roused myself.

"Edward Pryor had heaped on me *that* day more stinging, aggravating epithets than usual. Suddenly and boldly I turned and confronted him, and I did not spare him. I held up to him, in its true light, his own base and cowardly conduct. I defied him to do his worst, and I threatened him with instant exposure if he ever dared to insult me again, by word or deed.

"For a little while he was dumb with amazement at the spirit he had aroused. Then he writhed under the scorn which I poured on him, and at last, stung into uncontrollable rage, he dealt me a blow which laid me senseless upon the floor."

"Oh, Aunt Emmeline, how horrible!" I shuddered.

"He left the house, after summoning a domestic, to whom he stated that I had suddenly fainted.

"I had just escaped striking my temple in my fall, but my face was badly bruised; and before night an attack of brain fever set in, which brought my feet to the cold shores of the river of death. But I lived and—"

Aunt Emmeline paused here, and drew her breath, as though something ghastly and terrible lay beyond her words.

I asked her to go on—with my eyes, because my lips had not courage for it.

She spoke now in a low, rapid, half-frightened tone.

"They told me that my husband was frequently with me during my illness, for he had some regard to the opinions of others, and no one suspected that he had not been always tender and indulgent.

"The day after the doctor assured him that the crisis was past, and I would probably recover, he affirmed that imperative business summoned him to New York.

"He was riding down Broadway the third day after his arrival, when the restive horse which he drove suddenly took fright, and, after dashing furiously along for some distance, threw my husband. His temple struck the curbstone, and they picked him up—"

"Dead?"

I need not have asked the word, for I read it in my aunt's eyes.

She did not speak for some time; and through the silence came the sob of the tired wind, the dull throbbing of the dreary rain.

At last my aunt spoke again.

"They did not inform me of his death, fearing its effect on my shattered nerves, until two weeks after he was buried.

"The tidings were certainly a great shock to me, but I breathed freer after hearing them, for a great blight and blackness fell away from my life.

"A few days later a letter was placed in my hands, informing me that fifty thousand dollars had been saved from the wreck of my uncle's fortune, and that his last will left this to me, with a desire that I would purchase his old homestead, and pass my life in it.

"I did as he desired, and here I have lived for twelve years, Evangeline, calm and contented, if not happy.

"The lights of my youth went out suddenly, and there has been none to kindle them again. I believe my heart was frozen, and can never more be warmed, though I have tried to do good to others as I found opportunity, tried to make you happy, Evangeline."

My heart leaped with pity and tenderness toward my aunt. I looked into her soft eyes, haunted by the memory of a great by gone agony, and I spoke.

"Aunt Emmeline, my mother told me on her death-bed, when her arms grew cold about my neck, that if any great sorrow or disappointment came to my youth I must never brood or grow bitter over it. I must never allow it to take root and spread its rust and blight over my life. I must crowd it out with good deeds, with faith in God, and love to man, and so in time that which had been a sore and terrible evil, blackening and festering my soul, should be the means of sweetening and mellowing my life, and spreading a new calm and serenity over my years."

My aunt looked at me a moment with eyes which were heavy with tears; then she suddenly gathered me up greedily to her heart.

"I thank you for those words, Evangeline," she said. "They have fallen as precious anointing upon my soul. I did lose my faith in God, my love for man, and my soul has been cold and barren ever since. But, please God, it shall be so no more."

Then Dinah came to tell us tea was ready. The wind and the rain had fallen asleep, and looking out of the window I saw overhead the edges of the black clouds slit apart, and betwixt them a lane of stars, thick as jewels in a crown, and I thought as the stars had arisen over the night, so had the stars arisen over the soul of my Aunt Emmeline.

Five years had passed. It was a day among the last of October, a ripe, luscious, golden, Indian summer day, with the mists, like great spectral barques in a calm, asleep upon the hills, and the whole earth lapsed away into a mellow dream. The air was full of resinous scents and radiant silence, and the maples and birches flashed red and yellow torches through the woods.

I can only say of these five years that they had been quiet, nourishing, happy ones to me. I think they had been these to my aunt also, for she was no longer the calm, placid, *frozen* woman whom my girlhood remembered.

New light had come to her life, new warmth to her heart, and faith and love had crushed out or sweetened the old bitterness which had so long poisoned all the springs of her life.

It was late in the afternoon that I entered my aunt's sitting room with the trophies of a long foray into the woods.

My aunt sat by the window, a book of poems on the corner of the chair close at hand, her sewing on her knees, her eyes on the heavens above and the earth beneath, two great pictures in the year's most gorgeous colors.

"I had almost grown alarmed about you, Evangeline," she said as I approached her.

"It is not a day to be in the house, aunty; it is a day for the woods, with all their great and varied enchantments of sight and sound and smell. Shall I be bidden to the banquet and not go?"

"You are a rhapsodical little girl," she said, smiling, as I sat down by her, displaying my little basket of treasures, tumult of light grey and dead green, moss-creepers with blood red berries clinging amongst the leaves, like round jewels unlocked from emerald caskets, and sprays of barberries, the red pendants bright as fiery carbuncles hanging from the slender stems, and leaves which the frost had touched and burned into fire.

"Now, Aunt Emmeline, into what pretty devices and effects can we make up all these things I have stolen from the woods? You must help me, for your genius is more prolific than mine." She bent over the basket with an indulgent smile, but just then the door bell rang, and in a moment Dinah entered with a card, which she gave to my aunt. It fell from her hands into my lap, and her face grew white. "I cannot

see him," she said, in those low, decided tones, which none even thought of disputing. I glanced on the card and read, "Mr. Rutherford Pryor."

"Do you remember the name, Aunt Emmeline?"

"No: it is enough that it is one of *his* relatives. You must go in, Evangeline, and say that I desire to be excused."

And I went reluctantly, and then rose up to me a gentleman of most gracious manners and agreeable countenance; one who must have been several years this side of thirty.

"You are not Mrs. Edward Pryor," he said, his wide, intense eyes searching my face, and his lips brightening into a smile.

"Oh, no! I am Mrs. Pryor's niece," and I delivered her message.

The young gentleman seemed surprised, hurt, I thought, but he still persisted in seeing my aunt, saying his father was the elder and only brother of Edward Pryor, and he had died several years before in England.

I returned to my aunt. She was walking the room greatly agitated. She persisted in her refusal to see the young man, until giving up argument and entreaty, I said,

"Aunty, would not God call it *sin* to visit on the head of the living the faults of the dead? Your nephew never saw the uncle that so wronged you, and if God does not hold him responsible, neither should you."

She stood looking at me a long time; pain, irresolution, struggle going over her face. At last she said, "I will go."

She never regretted it. Rutherford Pryor met her with a cordiality that fairly moved her. She was the only aunt he had on earth; almost the only relative. He had finished his college course, and had just entered upon his legal studies in New York.

"You have not the face of the Pryors," said my aunt, searching the strong, fine features.

"No. I have the face of my mother's family, but I hope you won't welcome me any the less because I do not bear the Pryor superscription."

"None the less," and my aunt gave the young man her hand again.

He did not understand as I did.

Rutherford Pryor was an intelligent, high-bred, Christian gentleman. He won his way to his aunt's heart in a few hours. He had social qualities of a high order, he was cultivated, genial, sympathetic. On the third day of his visit he was taken ill, and lay for six weeks in the grasp of typhoid fever.

We thought that death was about to cross the threshold of the gray old stone house, but it passed by.

One day in Rutherford Pryor's long convalescence, he sat by the grate fire, holding a skein of white embroidery silk which I was winding, while the first snow flakes whirled downward and clothed the sodden earth; and he said to me, abruptly, after some brief communion with himself:

"Cousin Evangeline, your aunt does not like to speak of her husband. She does not hold his memory in tender and loving regard. Why is it?"

"Don't you know, cousin Rutherford?"

"How should I? My father seldom spoke of his brother, whom he never saw after his marriage."

"And your father was a good, true, noble man?" I forgot that it was to his son I was really putting this question.

"I never knew one more so. But, Evangeline, was not my uncle all this?"

And then I told him that story which Aunt Emmeline told me, when the winds blew, and the rains fell upon the house.

My auditor was very white when I concluded, but he did not speak. At last I broke the silence.

"Why don't you speak, cousin Rutherford?"

"Because, cousin Evangeline, my heart had a question to ask, which now it will never dare utter to you."

I was silent while my needle wound rapidly in and out of the buds of my embroidery. At last I put down my work.

"Cousin Rutherford, won't you please ask me *that* question?"

He bent down his face to mine, for I sat on a stool near him.

"Evangeline, how can I find courage now *to ask you to be my wife?*"

Just at that moment my aunt entered the room. With her acute intuitions she divined the whole at a glance. She came forward, the tears flooding her eyes.

"Let the past bury its dead," said the sweet shaking voice. "May God make you very happy, Rutherford, my nephew, Evangeline, my niece!"

And with five years of wedded life, sweet and tender and beautiful, has God answered the prayer of my aunt, Emmeline Pryor.

☞ COTTON IN THE SOUTH.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says: A gentleman who arrived here to-day from Georgia, says there is no one resource of the South so little understood and so greatly underestimated as the amount of cotton still held there. He thinks there must be at least 1,500,000 bales in Georgia and 1,000,000 bales more in Alabama. He has personal knowledge of hundreds of bales which have been buried in the sand for more than a year. He predicts that cotton will sell for ten cents per pound in Savannah as soon as the Government removes the restrictions upon its coming in, and his integrity and sound judgment are vouched for by gentlemen of the highest character in this city.

☞ It is estimated that two square miles of the City of Rochester were under water during the recent flood. It is thought that the city was damaged to the amount of $2,000,000.

☞ The London Court Journal of the 20th says: "While the Prince of Wales was witnessing the Chertsey Steeple Chase on Thursday last, his Royal Highness had his pocket picked of a valuable watch, presented to him by the Queen. The police's solemn joke is that the thief will henceforth take the title of 'Pickpocket to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.'"

☞ The number of general officers surrendered to General Grant was 82, of whom one was a General, three Lieutenant-Generals, fifty Brigadiers, and the remainder Colonels commanding brigades. The number of troops (which should have been) surrendered was from 25,000 to 30,000.

☞ General John C. Fremont, says the New York Evening Post, has purchased as a permanent place of residence, one of the most beautiful country seats on the Hudson river.

☞ The Paris Journals state that the delay of twenty years imposed by Prince de Talleyrand before publishing his memoirs, which he left sealed up, expires this year.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The Murder of President Lincoln.

Never did such a pang of horror convulse the heart of the American people, as when the news spread rapidly through the length and breadth of the loyal states that President Lincoln had been vilely murdered.

The evening of Good Friday—that day consecrated in the hearts of Christians the world over—was chosen by the assassins for their wicked and bloody work.

For this man, whom with cruel hands they have slain, was the personification of all that was most humane and merciful and forgiving in the North. He it was who, in connection with Mr. Seward—their other victim—was standing between the prominent agents of the rebellion and the justice of the violated Laws. He it was who was meeting the wild cry for vengeance from those whose sons and brothers had rotted and starved in the loathsome prisons of the South, and been blown to pieces on Southern battle-fields, with invocations for forgiveness, for forgetfulness, for the restoration of fraternal love.

And this man, so free from passion, from vindictiveness—whose only fault was always to lean too much towards gentleness and mercy—who did not need to practise forgiveness towards his enemies, because he never seemed to feel towards any man as towards an enemy—whose constant thought was to restore the Union by kindness and conciliation—has been basely stricken down from behind by a representative of those whom he was striving with all his might and influence to shield and benefit.

Was it an error then? Was he wrong in brain who was so nobly right in heart? Is mercy at this time an error, a cruel clemency, a false humanity, from which would spring in a short period even greater and more awful fruits than those we have been gathering during the last four years? Has this cruel deed been allowed in the orderings of an all-wise Providence, that we may fully understand the hearts of these men with whom we have been contending, and waste no foolish magnanimity on those who seem incapable of responding to it? Such are the questions which at this moment every reflecting loyal man in the North is putting to himself.

For our own part, we have coincided heartily heretofore with the President in his generous and merciful projects and desires. We have been among those who have constantly pleaded for generosity, for amnesty, for universal forgiveness. But in the horror engendered by this cruel deed, we feel as if all other feelings were swept aside by the single demand for JUSTICE—as if the voice of Mercy in our heart had been stilled forever by the same ball which silenced the tongue and deadened the thoughtful brain of its most powerful advocate.

Ah, tender and generous soul of Abraham Lincoln, little did it matter to thee that in one swift moment thy day's work was over—that tollsome labor of heart and brain ended, and the sweet rest of a true and honest man thy everlasting reward. But for us, thy countrymen, what new and untried paths seem to open before us. Almost it seems as if a voice came down from the pitying heavens, saying as of old, "Mourn not for me; mourn for yourselves and for your children!"

RETRENCHMENT.

It is a good sign that the Secretary of War has already announced the discontinuance of recruiting and drafting in the loyal states, and that the other heavy expenses of his Department shall be reduced immediately. The necessity of this will be apparent if the statement recently made be true, that before the present draft was ordered there were 1,244,000 men on the pay-rolls of the War Department—half of which number were north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers. We all know that the swindling has been immense, but really it is now time that it should cease.

The Navy Department also announces that it will begin at once to sell useless vessels, and in other ways to reduce its expenses.

Two hundred thousand men probably will be an ample number to crush out the remaining fires of the rebellion. To ensure this number of effective men, we suppose that three hundred thousand will have to be placed on the rolls. But whatever be the number that Gen. Grant shall say is needed—and the country will have implicit confidence in his judgment in this matter—let all mere useless timber be now cut away. The load of debt is already enormous, the taxation is already very heavy, and when another turn of hard times comes—and such a turn will assuredly come before many years—our citizens will find it difficult enough to pay their taxes, and the General Government difficult enough to collect a sufficient sum from them. Retrenchment, therefore, should be at once the watchword—and though it will probably be a very difficult thing to choke off that vast crowd of leeches that have fattened for the last four years on the life-blood of their country, still a resolute trial may do a great deal, especially if the great body of the press and of the people manifest an earnest determination that the thing shall be done.

RICHMOND.

The *Press* of this city says:—

"Rumors are frequently set afloat in Philadelphia that even the 'first families' of Richmond, Va., are suffering from want of food. Pathetic stories are told how mothers and their children wept together when the astonishing truth flashed in the glare of burning houses, fired by the rebels themselves, that Richmond had fallen. These tears were supposed to be shed because the first families had nothing to eat. Nothing is further from the truth. A gentleman who accompanied Admiral Farragut to the doomed city says the wealthy classes, as a general thing, have an abundance of food. There may be isolated cases of suffering. The poorer classes have suffered, but enough provisions were saved from the burning buildings to last them some time. In cases of great need the government of the United States, humane as it is strong, will treat the sufferers in a *rational* manner. Some of the finest hams in the world, and plenty of them, were found in the fortifications. The hard bread was faultless. These facts can be qualified by a true Union gentleman of this city."

And yet we know of one instance at least where a letter was received by a merchant of this city from a lady relative in Richmond, saying that she and others were in a very destitute situation indeed, and asking that some funds should be sent to her. We judge, however, that it was not owing to any scarcity of food—for a letter from an acquaintance quartered near Richmond, says there is no scarcity where he is—but to the fact that the Confederate money, which was all the majority had, lost suddenly all its purchasable qualities. The farmers and grocers at once demanded gold or greenbacks, and a large number even of the wealthy classes had nothing but rebel currency. This view would explain the inconsistency in the two statements.

LEE'S ARMY.—An Army correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* says:—"On the surrender of Lee it was estimated that his army consisted of about 30,000 men. It will therefore astonish the country to learn that of paroled prisoners we probably received at the surrender not more than 8,000. The question naturally arises, what became of the remaining 22,000? Rebel officers aver that on learning of Lee's intention to surrender, thousands, among them the rebel cavalry, left, either for their homes or to join the army of Johnston, before being paroled, and that these men will doubtless soon be found in the fighting ranks of the rebel armies elsewhere."

Was this honorable on the part of the rebel commander and his officers? Were they not bound in honor to see that their men were not allowed to straggle off before being paroled?

LIFE OF PAULINE CUSHMAN.—The life of this lady, celebrated as a Union Spy and Scout, has been sent to us. It gives an account of her entrance into the secret service of the Army of the Cumberland, and her exciting adventures while performing her perilous duties. The work, which is embellished with a portrait of the heroine, was prepared from her notes and memoranda by F. L. Sarmiento, and is published by John E. Potter, 617 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

Assassination of President Lincoln.

Probable Murder of Mr. Seward.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

WASHINGTON, April 15—1:30, A. M.—Major-General Dix:—This evening, about 9:30 P. M., at Ford's Theatre, the President, while sitting in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, and Major Rathburn, was shot by an assassin who suddenly entered the box and approached behind the President.

The assassin then leaped upon the stage brandishing a large dagger or knife, and made his escape in the rear of the theatre.

The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head and penetrated nearly through the head. The wound is mortal. The President has been insensible ever since it was inflicted, and is now dying.

About the same hour, an assassin, whether the same or another, entered Mr. Seward's house, and, under pretence of having a prescription, was shown to the Secretary's sick chamber. The Secretary was in bed, a nurse and Miss Seward with him. The assassin immediately rushed to the bed, inflicting one or two stabs on the throat and two on the face. It is hoped the wounds may not be mortal. My apprehension is that they will prove fatal.

The noise alarmed Mr. Frederick Seward, who was in an adjoining room, and hastened to the door of his father's room, where he met the assassin who inflicted upon him one or more dangerous wounds. The recovery of Frederick Seward is doubtful.

It is not probable that the President will live through the night.

General Grant and wife were advertised to be at the theatre this evening, but he started to Burlington at 6 o'clock, P. M. At a cabinet meeting, at which General Grant was present, to-day, the subject of the state of the country and the prospects of a speedy peace were discussed.

The President was very cheerful and hopeful. He spoke very kindly of Gen. Lee and others of the Confederacy, and the establishment of the government of Virginia.

All the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. Seward, are now in attendance upon the President. I have seen Mr. Seward, but he and Frederick were both unconscious.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 2:30 A. M. The President is still alive, but is growing weaker. The ball is lodged in his brain, three inches from where it entered the skull. He remains insensible, and his condition is utterly hopeless. The Vice President has been to see him, but all company except the Cabinet, his family, and a few friends, are rigidly excluded.

Large crowds still continue in the street as near to the house as the line of guards will allow.

SECOND OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 3 A. M.

Major-General Dix, New York.—The President still breathes, but is quite insensible, as he has been ever since he was shot. He evidently did not see the person who shot him, but was looking on the stage, as he was approached behind.

Mr. Seward has rallied, and it is hoped may live. Frederick Seward's condition is very critical. The attendant who was present was stabbed through the lungs, and is not expected to live. The wounds of Major Seward are not serious.

Investigation strongly indicates J. Wilkes Booth as the assassin of the President. Whether it was the same or a different person that attempted to murder Mr. Seward remains in doubt.

Chief Justice Carter is engaged in taking the evidence. Every exertion has been made to prevent the escape of the murderer. His horse has been found in the road near Washington.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

THIRD OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 4:10, A. M.

Major-General Dix, New York.

The President continues insensible and is sinking.

Secretary Seward remains without change.

Frederick Seward's skull is fractured in two places, besides a severe cut upon the head. The attendant is still alive, but hopeless. Major Seward's wounds are not dangerous.

It is now ascertained, with reasonable certainty, that two assassins were engaged in the horrible crime, J. Wilkes Booth being the one that shot the President. The other is a companion of his, whose name is not known. The deception is so clean that he can hardly escape.

It appears from a letter found in Booth's trunk, that the murder was planned before the 4th of March, but fell through then because the accomplice backed out until "Richmond could be heard from."

Booth and his accomplice were at the livery stable at six o'clock last evening, and left there about ten o'clock, or shortly before that hour. It would seem that for several days they have been seeking their chance, but for some unknown reason it was not carried into effect until last night. One of them has evidently made his way to Baltimore; the other has not yet been traced.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1865.

Major-General Dix:

Abraham Lincoln died this morning at 22 minutes after 7 o'clock.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

ASSOCIATED PRESS ACCOUNT.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—President Lincoln and his wife, together with other friends, this evening visited Ford's Theatre for the purpose of witnessing the performance of the "American Cousin."

It was announced in the papers that General Grant would also be present, but that gentleman instead took the late train of cars for New Jersey.

The theatre was densely crowded, and every body seemed delighted with the scene before them.

During the third act, and while there was a temporary pause for one of the actors to enter, the sharp report of a pistol was heard, which merely attracted attention, but suggested nothing serious, until a man rushed to the front of the President's box waving a long dagger in his right hand and exclaiming, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*" and immediately leaped from the box, which was of the second tier, to the stage beneath, and ran across to the opposite side, thus making his escape, amid the bewilderment of the audience, from the rear of the theatre, and, mounting a horse, fled.

The screams of Mrs. Lincoln first disclosed the fact to the audience that the President had been shot, then all present rose to their feet, rushing toward the stage, many exclaiming, "Hang him! hang him!"

The excitement was one of the wildest possible description, and of course there was an abrupt termination of the theatrical performance.

There was a rush towards the Presidential box, when cries were heard, "Stand back!" "Give him air!" "Has any one stimulants?"

On a hasty examination, it was found that the President had been shot through the head above and back of the temporal bone, and that some of the brain was oozing out.

He was removed to a private house opposite to the theatre, and the Surgeon General of the Army and other surgeons were sent for to attend to his condition.

On an examination of the private box, blood was discovered on the back of the cushioned rocking-chair on which the President had been sitting, also on the partition and on the floor. A common single-barreled pocket pistol was found on the carpet.

A military guard was placed in front of the private residence to which the President had been conveyed.

An immense crowd gathered in front of it, all deeply anxious to learn the condition of the President. It had been previously announced that the wound was mortal, but all hoped otherwise. The shock to the community was terrible.

At midnight the Cabinet, with Messrs. Sumner, Colfax, and Farnsworth, Judge Carter, Governor Oglesby, Gen. Meigs, Col. Hay, and a few personal friends, with Surgeon General Barnes and his medical associates, were around his bedside.

MIDNIGHT.—The President was in a state of *syncope*, totally insensible and breathing hardly, the blood oozing from the wound at the back of his head.

The surgeons were exhausting every possible effort of medical skill, but all hope was gone.

The parting of his family with the dying President is too sad for description.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln did not start to the theatre till fifteen minutes after 8 o'clock. Speaker Colfax was at the White House at the time, and the President stated to him that he was going, although Mrs. Lincoln had not been well, because the papers had advertised that General Grant and they were to be present, and as General Grant had gone north, he did not wish the audience to be disappointed.

The President went with apparent reluctance, and urged Mr. Colfax to go with him; but that gentleman had made other engagements, and, with Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, bade him good-bye.

The entire city to-night presented a scene of wild excitement, accompanied by violent expressions of indignation and the profoundest sorrow. Many shed tears.

The military authorities have despatched patrols in every direction, in order, if possible, to arrest the assassin, while the Metropolitan Police are alike vigilant for the same purpose.

The attack both at the theatre and at Secretary Seward's house took place at about the same hour, (ten o'clock,) thus showing a preconcerted plan to assassinate those gentlemen. Some evidences of the guilt of the party who attacked the President are in possession of the police.

Vice-President Johnson is in the city, and his hotel quarters are guarded by troops.

We learn that General Grant received intelligence of this sad calamity soon after midnight, when at Walnut street wharf, Philadelphia, on his way to Burlington, N. J.

☞ A man at Cambrai (France) has just sold his wife for 120 francs (about $25) to a "friend," who had long admired her. An action at law is about to be commenced by the friends of the "sold" against the vender.

☞ Carselli's autograph electric telegraph is now used on one set of wires between Paris and Lyons. Telegrams from it must be written on sheets of metal, which are sold by the telegraph office at four sous each sheet. The cost of despatching them is reckoned at the rate of four sous the square centimetre. Despatches cost 6, 12, 18 and 24f.

☞ There are two hundred applications for divorce before the judiciary of Massachusetts. Well, the rule with Secessionists is to "swear them and let them go."

☞ Two women, each claiming the same soldier as her husband, as also the state pay due her as his wife, appeared before a Newark, New Jersey, justice recently. Each substantiated her claim to the man; but the one having the prior right bought off her rival by consenting that she should retain the pay already drawn on condition of abandoning all future claims upon her husband or money.

☞ When Mr. Lincoln heard that Weitzel's negroes had taken Richmond he said, "Well, the people in Richmond have been wanting black soldiers for some time past, and now they've got them."

☞ The records of Libby Prison, from its commencement to its close, have been secured by General Weitzel, and will be preserved for future reference. They show the date and home of every man who entered there, and the date of his death or removal. The letter-books of the rebel treasury department have also been secured and will be sent to Washington.

☞ At the great sanitary fair in Chicago, Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas and Mrs. Gen. Sherman are to have charge of the tables under the auspices of the Catholics.

☞ The United States Mint has commenced the coinage of the recently authorized Three Cent piece. It is about the size of an English sixpence, the color of lead, and much of that dull appearance. It is a mixture of copper and nickel, and we should think will soon tarnish. It is, however, a great improvement on the three cent paper note.

☞ Real diamonds have been recently found in Butt and Nevada counties, California.

☞ There is a little girl, thirteen years of age, in Ellsworth, Maine, who weighs two hundred and ninety pounds, is fifty-five inches high, and measures forty-six inches around the waist and twenty inches around the arm.

☞ In Illinois a genius advertises on behalf of a certain famous accidental railway, that "an experienced coroner and six practical jurors will follow each regular train in special cars, together with a few surgeons and reporters."

South American Civilization;

on,

Glances and Glimpses at Agriculture, Arts, Architecture, Education, and Domestic Economy in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Banda Oriental, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and Equador, as Seen and Noted Down.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Agricultural Industry—Ingenuity—Ploughing—Planting—Harvesting—Manufacturing—Mate.

Nowhere in Spanish America are the inhabitants remarkable for their habits of industry in any avocation or profession; and that of agriculture is no exception to the general rule.

In all the northern and central portions of the empire; beyond the growing of coffee and sugar cane, agriculture is as yet in its swaddling infancy. Millions and millions of acres of soil as fertile as ever this globe's surface presented to the sunlight, lie wholly unproductive, unenergized by ploughshare or implement of husbandry—as virgin as in the first hour that God gave the soil to man's necessities.

In the southern provinces agricultural productions are more common, but as everywhere enterprise is taxed by a constitutional disinclination to labor, in few instances are the crops greatly in excess of the demand for home consumption.

Let us illustrate the economy of Brazilian farming by observing the originality and ingenious economy of a rural Brazilero, who would plant five acres of corn.

Oxen, and negro or *Peon* slaves, he has in abundance; and what he requires next is ploughs. These he cannot send to the manufacturer and get by express, or purchase at the nearest country store; and so he says to his black or peon servants, "go make us ploughs," and they obey him.

Ten, perhaps ploughmen, each armed with queer nondescript axes of English ingenuity—long, narrow bitted, and thicker in the bit than a Christian matlock, sally out on horseback, accompanied by mules to bring in the manufactured material. Plunging into the nearest belt of timber land, they fall to upon the first trees having in them the elements of the implement they require, and fall to ploughmaking.

Selecting a tree growing as nearly as possible in a capital Y, the perspective ploughman fells it, cuts off the main trunk eighteen inches either way from the junction, flattens the side opposite the branch, hews down the main trunk to a point, cuts off the branch at a point where it will come breast high, when set up vertically—that is the handle. Then boring a hole through the stock six inches from the junction, his work is finished, and in the space of an hour he has achieved a Brazilian plough of approved pattern.

Having accomplished, each one, a couple of these primitive implements, they are slung across the mules, and transported to the field where arrangements are made for ploughing.

Three pairs of oxen being coupled off by rough, unbarked poles, firmly lashed with thongs of raw hide to the base of the horns, the six bullocks are attached to the plough with a lasso; a driver on either side, armed with a long, slender staff, furnished with a sharp steel point, wheels the indolent brutes into line, the ploughman lays hold of the handle of his great wooden Y—away go the bullocks at a snail's pace, wandering promiscuously over the five-acre field, dragging after them the wooden wonder; executing a furrow scarcely larger than that ploughed by the garden mole.

It is a rich study for a North American farmer, to stand and look upon ten such turnouts in a five-acre field, crossing each other in every conceivable direction, without the least regard to "lands" or consecutiveness of furrow. With ten teams of six bullocks each, two guides to each team, a ploughman, and that wooden *gist*—after a week, or it may be ten days of criss-cross, diagonal, right-angled triangulation, the field has been rooted over, and pronounced fit for planting.

At it they go, perhaps thirty planters—black and "tan," male and female, Congo and *peon*, each armed with a ponderous hoe, dropping a grain here, five there, and fifteen yonder, one, five or ten feet asunder, crossing each other's trunks at as many angles as the ploughs have gone before them, until having trampled the whole surface very nearly as hard as it was before being ploughed, the labor is declared accomplished, and the crop is in the ground. It would remain there too, were not the soil kinder and the grain more persevering than we generally find them in our country.

One day while reviewing a ploughing battalion, in company with the proprietor, Senor Sebastian Oviedo, I said to him:

"Sir, with one of our United States' improved ploughs, and a pair of those spirited horses of which you have a thousand, living and dying in idleness, one man would accomplish more good ploughing in a given time than all those sixty bullocks, thirty men, and ten sharp sticks."

Senor Sebastian smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and most complacently replied:

"Then what would we do with all our slaves, Senor Cosmo?"

"Ah—indeed." It had never occurred to the astute Brazilian farmer that with fifty-nine sixtieths of his force at liberty he could open out and cultivate and produce corn on other fields; putting dollars in his pocket from the sales of a commodity always marketable. Progress, he scarcely understands the meaning of—"To live—*to be*," simply, is his motto, "To-morrow is another day. We have no winter here," he argues. And so he slides along the surface, energizing, improving nothing, and finally goes down to a gray-haired grave, not one whit wiser than his grandfather.

The harvesting of the corn crop is as beautiful a sample of ingenuity, industry, and economy, as the ploughing and planting. Instead of cutting off and carting away the crop, or shocking and husking it on the field, when the grain is fit for harvesting, the whole force of the estancia take the field, falling upon the corn with their knives just wherever they happen to fall into the field—some in the centre, some on the skirts; some this side, some that; one cutting a dozen stalks, with which he marches off to the house, hugging them under one arm; another, making up a respectable bundle, poises it upon his head, and bears it away. A third one, lashing together with his lasso fifty or so of the stalks by the butts, starts off houseward, dragging his bundle along the ground, tearing off leaves and husks, and very likely shelling off quite one-half the corn from the cob.

The fourth harvester does something better. He makes up two respectable bundles, and slinging them over a mule, he trudges off to the house, supplying himself, at a single jaunt, with a day's work at stripping the ears; while others are continually coming and going, and cutting and husking. Thus is the labor continued until the crop is harvested.

Just as economical, and entirely in keeping with all their other operations, is the manufacturing of the grain into material suitable for food.

Some one member of the rural confederacy—proprietor, *patron*, or peon, beginning to progress towards the hungry period, prepares for a prospective meal by beating off from the cob a peck, or it may be half a bushel, of maize, deposits it in a raw hide pouch, and mounting a fleet horse, always at hand, he gallops to some old shackle-geared windmill, where, in the space of four hours, if the breeze be strong, he gets his grain cracked into something less than hominy, and tearing back to the *estancia* pours a quart or so of his *grits*, hulls and all, into a kettle of water, chucks in on top of it four pounds of *charque*, on top of that a dozen *mungattas*, or sweet potatoes, sets the whole to boiling furiously, stirring the mass vigorously at times with any stick that comes to hand, and, at the expiration of an hour and a half, treats himself to a compound dinner, of which no well-bred North American dog would taste, unless under compulsion from fourteen days' abstinence.

It is not all Brazilian farmers who live in a manner so miserable as this. But there are many who live immeasurably worse.

I remained, with my wife, once, at the house of a very respectable Brazilian gentleman, residing far in the interior of Southern Brazil, for the period of three months, and thought it was probable that our host was worth, in cash, fifty *contos of reis*, (five hundred thousand dollars,) and certainly an equal amount, in real estate, slaves, herds of wild cattle and horses, and an extensive manufactory. We never saw bread, or sat at table to eat a meal, while we remained there.

All around the bare brick walls of an immense low-roofed, floorless *sala a mange*, were always hanging carcasses and quarters of beeves, calves, sheep, and hogs, while in the centre of the great gloomy, smoke-blackened place, blazed everlastingly, like the council-fire of the "Onondagas," a huge pile of dry peach-wood, affording facilities for cooking to the numerous household; and it was rarely, day or night, that some member of it was not engaged in toasting, on point of knife or wooden spit, flitches of such flesh as they preferred, and half raw, crisped, but bloody still, tearing it with tooth and nail, swallowing it without salt or seasoning of any kind—the rich juices gushing in sanguine rills from mouth corners, and dripping alike from bearded male and from beautiful female chins.

Sometimes, indeed, the order of our *cuisine* exercises was changed, by roasting in the hot ashes, plantains, yams, sweet potatoes, and frequently choice bits of beef wrapped in raw hide, making the delicious *carne con quero* (beef in the hide) of the Peruvians. Thus we occasionally varied our diet, but never once, during our visit, did we breakfast, dine or sup from off a table.

One of the most peculiar characteristics of the Brazilians of all classes, male and female, old and young, is their universal fondness for and intemperate use of the *herbe mate*, a fragrant, slightly aromatic, and very pretty little shrub, growing abundantly in Paraguay, and in considerable quantities along the great river Arraguay, on the western limits of the immense *grassy* plains of the Great Central Basin.

The leaf of the shrub is gathered and cured, something after the manner of the green teas of China; and then compactly put up in *cerons* of raw hide, it is exported in vast quantities to Brazil, Banda Oriental (Uruguay,) Buenos Ayres, and considerably to all the Spanish American republics. But in Brazil only, has the consumption of *Mate* (pronounced Mattee) become as habitual as the "swigging" of lager among the Teutons.

The manner of preparing and imbibing *Mate*, is to place in a little calabash or gourded shell, holding as much as a generous coffee cup, two spoonfuls of the powdered leaves, and one of sugar; then pouring in boiling water until the gourd is filled. It is ready for use as soon as the water is poured on, and all the charm of the imbibation consists in taking down the beverage scalding hot. This is accomplished by sucking it up through a silver tube the length of a "julep straw," having a bulb at the lower end, perforated like the top of a pepper castor to exclude the grounds. By closing the lips perfectly around the tube, so that no air is inhaled through the mouth, the scalding beverage may be sucked in with impunity. But take care you do not part your lips to breathe during or immediately after a long suck; unless you are provided with a copper throat, and cast-iron "inwards." You will rue it if you do. I have seen some ridiculously laughable, and sometimes rather serious results, follow such an imprudence.

Once in Santos, the captain of a Boston barque trading regularly to Brazil, solicited my good offices in his behalf; and having long known, and several times been under some especial obligations to him, I readily volunteered my services.

Capt. George Hopkins was a gentleman in every sense of the word—young, uncommonly good-looking, educated, and owner of one-half the ship he commanded, besides owning a very handsome property near Boston; and all things considered, Captain George was a very desirable "catch," for any young lady matrimonially inclined.

On a previous voyage, Captain Hopkins had seen, and became decidedly smitten with *el Senora* Zebilina Zerlina Braga—belle of Santos, and a superb Brazilian beauty of seventeen, daughter of Senor Jose Braga, *Comedante* of the port. But unfortunately my nautical friend had never been able to make the acquaintance of the lady, and the service he required was that I should undertake to procure him an introduction.

Happening to be an intimate acquaintance of the lady through my wife, who was a relative, I undertook the office, and was so successful, that within three days I went to the captain with a most cordial invitation from father, mother and daughter, for the American captain to call; and Captain Hopkins promptly responded, begging me to accompany and introduce him.

I of course consented, and the call was made, the introduction gotten through with very creditably to all parties. The Bragas—parents and daughter, made Captain George at home directly, and the next thing, according to the custom of the country, they would make him take *Mate* with them.

So Senora Florentina, the mother, brewed and presented me with a gourd of the beverage, Senorita Zebilina, the daughter, performed the same office for the captain.

Now I had frequently enough cautioned those that I knew to be green, when about to draw their first *Mate* suck; but it had never occurred to me that Captain George, old voyager as he was, could possibly be ignorant of the *modus operandi*, and so I laid hold of my tube and fell to work. So did the captain; and fell to a little of everything else.

Drawing in a long, strong draught, and feeling it something warm, he thought to suck in his breath through his lips.

Then came the ridiculous, with a vengeance. Spouting out the scalding liquid like the spout of a sperm whale, Hopkins roared and screamed and plunged like a delirium-tremens practitioner, tumbling headlong over a great lazy St. Bernard dog, stretched out on the floor fast asleep. Leo leaped up with a yelp and growl, and not half awake, made a dive between Senora Florentina's nether limbs, tripping her feet from under her and over she toppled, *wallop*, on top of the prostrate captain.

Senora Zebilina received the captain's scalding spout square in her face, and over her neck and bosom, screamed most vigorously, and retreating backwards, she went down over an ottoman into my wife's lap, demolishing the fancy armed-chair, and both rolled on the floor together.

Senora Jose and myself both sprang to assist somebody, hit our heads together like two battering-rams, rebounded, and rolled off on the floor in different directions. It was a regular ten-strike; everybody down but Leo, and he was off out of sight like a shot.

Order was restored after half an hour or so, when everybody laughed but poor George. His scalded mouth was in anything else than laughing condition. Zelilina, however, got him cured in time, and Capt. George Hopkins got Zelilina Braga for his wife in time. But to this day, if you wish to see how soon a white squall can be raised, just offer Capt. George Hopkins a gourd of Brazilian *Mate*.

The Jewish Passover.

Last evening (April 10) the Jewish people commenced the observance of the Passover or Paschal festival, also called the feast of unleavened bread. It is instituted to commemorate the deliverance of Israel from the bondage of Egypt, and is the first commandment the Lord vouchsafed through Moses to the Israelite.

It is a rabbinical theory that the twelfth chapter of Exodus is the commencement of the law of Moses. It is ordained: "Seven days shall there be no leavened bread found in your houses, for whosoever eateth leavened bread that soul shall be cut off from Israel." This prohibition is repeatedly enforced throughout the whole law of Moses.

There is, indeed, no other observance except that of the Sabbath of which so much mention is made in the Pentateuch. This feast has many peculiar observances. The unleavened-bread ordinance is the first and most rigid one. The preparation of this bread—called "maxoth"—is commenced several weeks before the feast begins. It is made of the finest wheat flour and cold water, without salt or yeast, and is kneaded in the quickest possible manner and rolled out in thin flat cakes and baked in a quick oven. Those of the Jews who are too poor to buy this bread are furnished with it by their more wealthy brethren.

Vegetables, fruit, fish, and meat, are partaken of during the Passover, but farinaceous food is strictly excluded from every Jewish dwelling. So strict is the observance of the command that no leavened bread shall be found in their houses, that the residences of the Jews are cleaned thoroughly. The dishes and cooking apparatus are changed for the festival, so as to remove every idea of even the smallest morsel of leaven remaining in the house. The observance, "To keep the day holy," is also strictly adhered to. During the first two days and the last two days no secular employment is permitted, and divine service is held in every synagogue, with addresses from the Rabbi preachers. On the first two evenings the Jewish families assemble in their dwellings around a festive board, on which are spread horse-radish, to commemorate the bitterness of bondage; an egg, symbolical of mourning for the destroyed temple; greens, in commemoration of the blessings of God; a mixture of apples, almonds, and cinnamon, resembling mortar, in remembrance of the loam used by the Israelites in their works during their bondage in Egypt; and a bone from a lamb, to indicate the paschal sacrifice. After blessing the wine, the history of the exodus from Egypt is related, and hymns, and psalms recited in a joyful tone, in honor of the day.

☞ Mr. John H. Addison, a London broker, who has recently been praised by the Spiritualist journals in England as "one of the strongest mediums who has yet appeared," has amused himself, first by performing before select circles of friends all the tricks of the Davenport Brothers, and secondly by writing to the London *Star* to say that he is no "medium" at all, but did it for fun. The *Spiritual Times* and *Spiritual Magazine*, which took up Mr. Addison as a remarkable being, now drop him in great disgust.

☞ Wonder what Jeff Davis thinks now about "continuing the contest in Virginia for twenty years."

☞ So great has been the desire of the citizens of Charleston to take the oath of allegiance, that the authorities have been compelled to open six offices for the purpose of administering it.

☞ A Washington half-dollar of 1792, sold in New York last week, for $100; a Washington cent of 1792, naked bust, $400; six season medals, issued during the second Presidency of Washington, brought $800.

☞ The number of United States pensioners is increasing with startling rapidity, no less than 13,724 having been placed on the rolls during the year 1864. The number of invalid pensioners at the commencement of the present year was 29,442, and the number of widows pensioned was 36,968—making a total of 66,390.

☞ A cotemporary classes South Carolina among the extinct volcanoes.

☞ Baron Ricasoli has declared himself in favor of a church reformation in Italy by which the Italian church shall elect her own bishops, without any reference to the Pope.

☞ Governor Blaisdell, of Nevada, is six feet and four inches in height. When the legislature is not in session they use him for a telegraph pole.

Children's Hospital of Philadelphia.

Founded November 23rd, 1855. It is now situated in "Camac's Woods," one square beyond Montgomery Avenue and Eleventh street—the northern terminus of the Eleventh street cars.

Nearly ten years ago a small unpretending house, in a by-street in the western part of the city, was opened as a Hospital for the care and nursing of sick children.

The need of some such place for the proper treatment of children's diseases had been much felt by those who originated it, and they hoped that there were kind hearts enough to respond to the effort, and that it would not be allowed to fail for want of timely aid. The result has shown that they were not mistaken.

On a small scale at first, for it was only supported by the voluntary contributions of a few persons, ten beds were all that the little Hospital could offer.

During the first year of its life 67 children were treated in the Institution, and 306 at the Dispensary, where medicines were gratuitously furnished them.

In less than seven years it had received 659 children as indoor patients, and given advice and medicine to 6,875.

A visit to the wards, where one may see for himself the practical working of this charity, must touch any heart, and prompt the wish to do something, however little, to help it on. Here the children, removed from the foul air and miserable discomfort of their wretched homes, find a bright, cheerful, well-aired room, a kind nurse, and all those attentions so much needed in the sicknesses of childhood: more than this, they have their picture-books and their toys, and the ladies in their daily rounds carry cheer and comfort as they stop to tell a story to one, to read a nursery rhyme to another, or to teach a third some simple work to while away the time.

Can this good work be allowed to fail in a city like ours, where there are so many to whom sickness and suffering never appeal in vain?

The Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, London, which only began its good work three years before our own, has now its 50 beds, a country house and a sea-side home for convalescents, besides an infant nursery for day patients, and has in ten years received into its wards over 3,000 patients, besides treating 80,000 outside. In Paris the Hôpital des Enfans Malades receives annually 3,500 children, and in nearly every city on the continent this good example has been followed.

When a few more years have gone by, we trust that Philadelphia will be able to show her Children's Hospital, with airy wards, extensive and well ventilated, arranged expressly for the treatment of children's diseases, "which have only lately had the care and skill they demand;" a sunny garden too, where the poor little drooping creatures may have, once at least in their lives, pure air, green grass, and the open blue of Heaven over their heads, instead of the narrow alleys, close courts, impure and infectious, where their miserable homes are too often crowded together.

Who that remembers these solemn words, full of reproachful love—"In as much as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to *Me*," can refuse to help on this true and noble charity?

The sum of thirty dollars constitutes a Life-Member, and subscriptions to the Hospital or to the Building Fund, of any amount, whether large or small, will be received by the Treasurer, Morton P. Henry, 416 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

President—George W. Norris, M. D.
Vice-President—George A. Wood.
Treasurer—Morton P. Henry.
Secretary—Edward S. Clarke.

We give the above particulars in reply to many inquiries which the interesting sketch of this Child's Hospital—"by an officer"—in the Saturday Evening Post of April 8th has called forth. A FRIEND OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

☞ The present "button" epidemic which has seized upon the ladies is founded on a significant feature of a similar rage in the early days of our Knickerbocker history, when they constituted so many symbols and exponents of wealth and position. Silver quarter-dollars for coat-buttons, with dimes for the waistcoat, were considered a rare elegance; large silver buttons, engraved with the wearer's initials, or family arms, were also much affected by elderly gentlemen of social *aplomb*.

☞ The Louisville Journal says that large quantities of pure white alabaster, of the finest quality, are being taken from the Mammoth Cave, and manufactured into ornaments of various kinds, such as necklaces, breastpins, earrings, crosses, charms, etc. This substance is susceptible of the highest polish, and the ornaments into which it is converted are greatly admired for their brilliancy and beauty.

☞ A Wilmington (N. C.) paper says:—"Some of our soldiers driving in the swamps back of the town, have struck a mine from which have already been taken several hundred barrels of turpentine and a quantity of rosin. The superiority of these mines over the Pennsylvania oil wells is that the product here is found in barrels all ready for market, the only expense necessary in working them being the cost of labor in rolling the barrels out. Further explorations are being made."

☞ M. de Lamartine has just published a "Life of Cæsar" from his point of view, which differs somewhat from the Emperor's, seeing that he calls Cæsar "a great general, a clever demagogue, and execrable citizen, the brilliant scourge of all morality and all liberty on earth," &c.

☞ A California correspondent of the Missouri Republican tells of seeing on exhibition in the Sanitary Fair, in San Francisco, forty-eight Bartlett pears on a single stem, eight inches long. They were of an average Bartlett size, and stood out at right angles to the stem, completely enveloping it.

☞ Clumps of grass, plucked from crevices between the paving stones of King street, Charleston, are being exhibited in Maine.

☞ Another shipment of European seeds has just been received at the Department of Agriculture from Hamburg. It includes, among its field and garden seeds, specimens of barley, oats, buckwheat, alsike, clover, several fine varieties of beans, pearl or round Turkey peas, Brussels sprouts, early short-horn carrot, turnip-rooted celery, large white kohl rabi, and varieties of white and red cabbage.

☞ Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, who is a great amateur in deer breeding, has just received from America sixteen stags and does of the Canadian breed, which Cuvier calls a species of elk.

☞ Owing to an accident, we have been unable to get THE POST printed by the usual time this week.

LATEST NEWS.

J. Wilkes Booth, the alleged murderer of the President, has thus far succeeded in eluding pursuit. The commander of the Department of Washington has offered a reward of $10,000 for his arrest, and the authorities of Washington have offered $20,000. The pickets set about Washington to catch the assassin were fired upon by concealed enemies several times. Arrests are constantly being made. Rebels coming to take the oath of allegiance are being imprisoned.

The funeral ceremonies of the late President are appointed for Wednesday, noon; and religious societies throughout the land are desired to assemble at that time.

Secretary Seward is rapidly improving. Hon. F. W. Seward is also getting better.

Hon. Andrew Johnson was inaugurated as President of the United States at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning. In conversation with a distinguished gentleman he said at present he saw no necessity for an extra session of Congress, and further, that he would not commit himself to a policy which would prevent visiting condign punishment on traitors. He had been fighting rebels here and in Tennessee, and his previous course might be regarded as an indication of his future conduct upon this subject.

Mobile has been captured. The Spanish Fort and Blakely were captured on the 9th, with 5,000 prisoners, ordnance, stores, &c. The city was occupied on the same evening by General Smith's troops, and 300 guns were found there. All of Roddy's command are among the prisoners.

Sherman's army left Goldsboro' on Monday, the 10th, moving northward.

Gen. Sherman has been in communication with Gen. Johnson for the surrender of his army upon the same terms as granted to Lee. The result is not stated.

The intelligence of the President's death created the greatest consternation in Richmond, the people fearing the consequences.

General Ewell and other rebel officers have been sent to Fort Warren.

Richard Cobden, M. P., died on the 2d inst.

☞ A lady, whose trunks of clothing, jewelry, &c., worth $3,847, were burned in a car on the Pennsylvania Railroad, last summer, sued the company for damages. The defendants denied that they were responsible for baggage of so much value, but upon trial in the Supreme Court of New York the plaintiff recovered the full amount claimed.

☞ The debt of Canada, with less than three millions of people, is almost as great as was our public debt before the war, with over thirty millions; and the debt of all the British Provinces, with a total population of a little over three and a-half millions, is actually greater than was our debt with thirty-two millions of people in 1863, after the administration of Buchanan.

☞ The cotton culture is taking wide extension in Africa. The Governor of Quilmane, on the east coast, has made arrangements with the Portuguese government to offer land at ten reis or one-half penny per acre, and furnish laborers at twenty five cents per diem, the importation of machinery and implements to be free for ten years. The farmers of Kaffraria are taking up the business with vigor and success.

☞ As much nitrate of silver as can be held between the thumb and finger, if thrown into a vase of water, will, it is said, preserve flowers for a fortnight.

☞ In April, 1861, Mrs. Jeff. Davis was promised an early visit to the White House at Washington; in April, 1865, Mrs. Lincoln, in a journey to Richmond, returns the promised call, and finds Mrs. Davis "not at home."

☞ The labor in the Maine State prison last year paid all the expenses of the institution, and left a surplus of $40,000.

☞ The English hold $500,000,000 of the rebel loan.

☞ Tons and tons of horse chestnuts go to waste in this country every year, and yet on the Rhine horse chestnuts are used for fattening cattle and for feeding milch cows, and 100 lbs. of dried nuts are estimated to be equal in nutritive value to 150 lbs. of average hay. Another authority makes them equal, weight for weight with oat meal.

☞ The freedmen of Charleston celebrated their emancipation by a grand procession on the 19th ult. The 21st United States Colored Regiment formed the escort, and, with the representatives of the different trades, 1,800 school children and 7 fire companies, constituted a sable procession two miles and a-half long.

☞ Young divinity students may be said to look happiest when they look for lawn (forlorn).

☞ Poor consolation for us survivors—that "the good die first."

☞ Out in Cattaraugus county, N. Y., the people are putting shutters on their houses so that they can use petroleum, it is so much plentier and cheaper than daylight.

☞ A few years since the noted Tom Marshall was delivering an address before a large audience in Buffalo, when some one in the hall every few moments, shouted "Louder! louder!" Tom stood this for a while; but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer, said: "Mr. Chairman, at the last day, when the angel shall with his golden trumpet proclaim that 'time shall be no longer,' I doubt, not, sir, that there will be in that vast crowd, as now, some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting 'Louder! louder!'" The house roared; Tom went on with his speech; but there were no more cries of "louder!"

☞ A lady in Germany lately gave birth to four daughters at once. Her husband fled.

☞ THE RIGHT DOCTRINE.—If a man is given to liquor, let no liquor be given to him.

☞ Lady Mary Montague, the famous wit and beauty, made the most sarcastic observation that was ever published about her own sex. "It goes far," said my lady, "to reconcile me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am in no danger of marrying one."

☞ An order has lately been issued from the Sublime Porte to widen and pave the streets of Jerusalem. The decree is accepted by the Jews as a sign of their Messiah's coming, fulfilling the prophetic command to make broad the ways and gather out the stones.

☞ The Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery throughout the United States, was unanimously ratified by both branches of the Tennessee Legislature on the 5th inst. Tennessee is the twentith state that has adopted the amendment.

NOT

His was a heart so true and strong,
So wise, in all but human wrong,
So fit for woman's trust,
That when she spoke the fatal "No,"
It smote him with a weight of woe
That crushed him to the dust.

The why we never knew, still less
Could hazard a presumptive guess,
So reticent is pain;
We only knew she could not take
The hand he offered by mistake,
Or offered but in vain.

And all men noted from that day
He moved as in a blinded way,
Helpless, without a plan:
Ah, what miraculous change of state
One simple syllable can create
Within the heart of man.

And she lived evermore apart,
Nor gave to any man her heart,
Until the day she died.
When, to the friends around her bed,
She breathed his name and smiled and said,
"Bury me by his side."

BENDERS WITH A BOOMERANG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PAUL PERCIVAL.

In the whole world—civilized and savage—there is no other weapon either of war or the chase, so difficult to obtain practically perfect mastery of as the boomerang. It is a savage miracle—the boomerang is. An unsolved problem in mechanics, an unknown law of projectiles. Simpler than the rude war-club of the barbarian, it is certain destruction to the object aimed at, when launched by a skillful hand, and certain damage to him who wields it, or something else, when launched by an unskillful one.

It is but a bit of hard wood, no heavier than an axe helve, from two to two and a half feet long, tapering from the centre each way, and shaped like those crooked sticks, pork-butchers call gambrils, and thrust between the hind legs of slaughtered hogs to suspend them by. The angle or crook of the weapon is a trifle over seven degrees, and each leg from the centre knuckle is slightly curved, the implement being thicker on the inner than the outer side. The least departure from this arbitrary shape renders the boomerang uncertain and worthless. The natives of New Holland, Tasmania, and several of the South-Sea Islands, are experts in the use of the weapon. But my shortest cut to a correct idea of its effectiveness, is the brief description of the feats performed with one, by a native chief, on the west coast of Australia.

A shoal of sperm whales had led us a long chase up the western coast of this almost continent; and one day after we had killed, cut in, and tried out three of the big fellows, being short of water, we dodged in to one of the snug, land-locked bays to obtain a supply. To procure the water fresh and good, we made a raft of our empty casks, and with three boats ahead, towed them some six miles up a little river that emptied into the bay. It would require the greater part of the day to fill the casks, and so leaving the water party in charge of the second mate, I took my rifle and wandered off into the forest in quest of game.

In that part of Australia, there were no white settlers within several hundred miles, and as the natives were not numerous, game of all descriptions common to the country was plenty enough. As my object, however, was partly to have a view of the interior so far as possible, I didn't care to expend ammunition on game that I could not conveniently lug along with me, deciding to kill my supply as I returned towards the boats.

I had been out something near two hours, when in turning suddenly an abrupt rocky ledge forming one bank of a creek, the course of which I was traversing, I came upon a group of savages squatting about the carcass of a slain kangaroo, which they were rending to tatters with their hands and devouring raw. I do not think the fellows had ever seen, or even heard of a white man before; for on the instant they discovered me they tumbled over backwards most of them; and all set up such a hideous, whimpering, grunting squeal, that they succeeded in frightening me very nearly as badly as I had frightened them. After a few moments, however, a few of them began to gather courage, three or four sprang to their feet, and surveying me very curiously for a few moments, began making gestures as if they would use their boomerangs. I learned subsequently, that I was too near them to allow of the effective use of the weapon. The rascals knew it well enough at the time, and it is probable, that brute knowledge of theirs saved me from a broken head, and the fate of the kangaroo they had been feasting upon.

After sundry menaces, one fellow whom I soon discovered to be their chief, began making all sorts of hideous grimaces, and chattering to his party like a magpie, and in the most barbarous lingo I ever heard. At the conclusion of his gibberish, he flung down his weapon, and timidly approached me. I laid aside my rifle, held up both hands, palms outward, and the savage came directly up to me; all his party imitating his example, having first thrown down their boomerangs. Having examined most critically my clothing and person, and passed their hands over my face, hands, and hair; all the while expressing—something; I am not quite certain what; by most complacent grunts, like those of a very small pig; each, and every one of my admirers took a gentle nip at my left ear—not quite severe enough to draw blood; but confoundedly unpleasant nevertheless. This ceremony was their handshaking, and the seal to a treaty of peace and friendship.

Next, their attention was directed to my rifle, which was a rather showy piece, profusely ornamented with silver fishes, beasts, and birds. They evidently mistook its use and character, imagining it to be a fancy war-club; as they would point towards it, then snatch a slender stick, make a vigorous mimic blow with it, then snap the twig asunder, and again point to the rifle, telling me plainly enough, that they didn't believe that war-club would endure many hard knocks.

I must explain; and that I might do so, I looked about me for an animate target. On a bare branch of a tall tree, something more than a hundred yards from us, was perched a great, mottled cockatoo. I aimed at the mark and pulled the trigger. Down fell the bird—and down fell every barbarian too, as I shot as dead as the cockatoo. Finding, however, after a while, that they were not killed in the least, they scrambled up and gathered around me again, more puzzled than ever. I had explained nothing—only worse confounded them. I turned into the palm of hand half a charge of powder, showed it to the savages, then struck a match and fired it. The brilliant flash, sudden *whiff*, an odorous smoke, set the fellows to capering and jabbering most vehemently.

Next, I filled my charger with powder, showed it to my new neighbors, and poured it into my rifle. Then drawing a bullet from my pouch, and showing it all round, I drove it home on top of the powder, capped the nipple and was ready for another shot. The barbarians were becoming educated, and grunted more vigorously than ever. One of the savages went and brought to us the dead bird. I pointed out to them the orifice where the leaden pill had passed through its body; then taking one of the bullets in my fingers, I raised the rifle to a sight, steadying it with one hand, placed the ball on the breech of the barrel and rapidly passed it up towards the muzzle. They expressed their comprehension by significant grunts.

Just then a pair of kangaroos went by within fair rifle range, in their incredible long, awkward, rabbit-like leaps. Drawing a bead on the male animal, I put a bullet square through his head, and the old fellow pitched over on his nose, struggled a few moments, and was a dead kangaroo. The natives ran to the slain brute, examined him curiously, and finding the bullet hole through his head, set up a perfect pandemonium of grunts, squeaks, and hyena-like laughter. They were enlightened.

I took up from the ground a boomerang, and in pantomime expressed my desire to see one of the weapons put to its legitimate use. I held the thing up side by side with my rifle, pointed up to the tree from whence the cockatoo had been brought down, and then towards the dead kangaroo; in manner saying—"I would like to see one of your pork gambrils do something like that."

My wish was comprehended; and the chief, running nimbly to where his boomerang lay, snatched it up from the ground, and returning to my side, began peering up into the tree-tops in search of something upon which to exercise his skill. Directly, he pointed out a little grayish mamasitt crouching among the foliage of a tall redwood, munching some sort of fruit, and all the while chattering to himself in a little sharp, peevish voice.

Having first ascertained that I had seen the mite of a monkey, the chief next proceeded to fire his boomerang. Holding the weapon in his right hand, and grasping it about six inches from one end, while the other drooped diagonally at an angle of about forty-five degrees, he suddenly balanced himself on the toes of his left foot, then jerking up his arm until the boomerang was above, and something behind his head, he threw his whole weight upon his right foot, made a quick step forward with his left, and launched the weapon—not directly at the mite of a monkey in the tree-top; but upon the ground in a direction directly opposite the animal's perch. The thing struck on its knuckle in the centre, flew up perhaps six feet, spun round two or three times, came down again and striking on the outer curve of one of its arms, rocked like lightning a second, sprang up into the air again, whizzed like a bullet by our ears, swayed slightly to the left, then to the right, mounting upward in a wavering line, oscillating less and less, and finally going straight as a rifle bullet, striking the unsuspicious, chattering little wretch a whelt on the head that sent him whirling over and over, full ten feet from his perch, and down he came, a decidedly dead monkey. I expressed my surprise and pleasure by a hearty hurrah, which seemed to tickle the chief's vanity wonderfully.

The female kangaroo had all this time remained lingering near her slain companion; and the savage chieftain next exhibited his prowess on her. Recovering his boomerang, he discharged it as he had done before, with his back towards the animal. But this time, instead of repeating its preliminary antics, the queer thing mounted boldly up into the air, spun round like a top for a moment or two; then swooped in a downward curve, and sped to its destination, hitting the kangaroo on the back of the head, and bringing it down as quick and effectually as my rifle-shot had done its mate. An examination of the creature showed the whole anterior portion of the skull entirely crushed in.

I was converted to the boomerang faith instanter. They were as efficient as the rifle, and many times more economical, both in first cost, and subsequent ammunition. The only difficulty in the way was my ignorance in managing the thing. But I could learn that. Why not? I had learned to kill whales, navigate a ship, and shoot a rifle. I could learn to fire a boomerang. And I set about it directly. I caught up one of the things, and every barbarian instantly fell flat on the ground. They argued that something would get hit, and had no idea of being that something.

Imitating as nearly as I could the motions of the chief, I launched the missile at a venture:—

"*Thet*"—the thing was driven endwise into the ground a third of its length, and stuck fast there. In my second essay I got her off, and myself too very nearly. The confounded thing bounced up perpendicularly about six feet, dodged this way and that, flitting like a humming bird about a flower, then whizzed by my head so close that it stung my ear, and finally banged against the trunk of a tree, from whence it fell to the ground and wabbled about two or three seconds, after which it relapsed into quietude.

This result in no manner weakened my faith in the efficiency of the boomerang as a weapon offensive and defensive; but did exhibit myself as a very awkward operator. I deemed my present practice quite sufficient, but determined to become an expert in the future, and on my return to the United States, astonish my friends and everybody else with wonderful feats of boomeranging practice. To this end I bid a German silver pocket comb, clasp knife, a britannia water flask, and a box of "lucifers" for a weapon. I got two, and might had the entire lot if I would have accepted them.

I parted with my neighbor barbarians on the most friendly terms, and returned to the boats, loaded with small game in the shape of beasts, birds and boomerangs; and upon my arrival on board the ship, I related to Captain Copeland my encounter with the natives, and the chief's extraordinary feats with the boomerang; all so eloquently and earnestly, that the "old man's," who, by-the-by, was but three years my senior, and I was under twenty-four, admiration of the weapon, and determination to achieve the mastery of it, went up several degrees above my own. I presented him with one of the boomerangs, and a mutual declaration was made that we would practice upon every possible occasion, until we had acquired the skill displayed by the savage chief.

Indeed Captain Copeland commenced his practice the following morning before breakfast—we having got under weigh and stood out to sea during the night. The ship's deck, however, was a rather circumscribed limit for boomerang practice, and the results of the captain's fifteen minutes experiment, were, two squares of glass in the sky-light smashed, the crippling badly of a snappish, snarling, good-for-nothing New Zealand dog, and a *whelt* alongside the head of our Canton Chinaman cook, that settled him for a minute, and for ten days subsequently sent him about his duties with his profile plastered over and done up in a table cloth. But the captain's last shot was decisive for the time. It struck the starboard side of the try works, glanced, took off the head of a veteran old muscovy duck that had quacked and waddled about decks during the entire cruise—struck the deck, glanced again up, and out over the bulwarks, going down slap in among a shoal of porpoise who were cutting their crazy antics a few fathoms from our weather bows, causing them to disperse and disappear in a trifle less than no time. That boomerang was expended of course, and as I declined lending mine for sea practice, the captain of necessity deferred his operations for the time being.

The captain, however, was by no means willing to forego his practice for any great length of time, and as we had on board an abundance of Australian wood of the kind used by the natives for their boomerangs, we resolved to manufacture a supply of the implements, using mine as a model. We had all the requisite tools, were both of us rather clever mechanics, and at it we went manufacturing boomerangs. Several of our first turn-outs were somehow dead failures, for although copying by eye and measurement, as we thought exactly from the original, they wouldn't answer the purpose. Discharge them how we would, they fell *spat* on deck like any ordinary billet of fire wood. We persevered, however, until finally we acquired the spirit of the thing, and turned out several serviceable weapons, with one of which, after considerable practice, the captain succeeded in bringing down an old "booby" who had perched on our mainyard.

But we raised whales one day, which suddenly cut short our boomerang building and practice. John Whale and his family were pursuing a very unusual course for whales, and in following them, so did we, for whalers. We cruised to the eastward, along the northern coast of Australia, out into and up through the Coral sea, as high as the latitude of 46 degrees. We had captured and cut in four ninety-barrel fellows, when we encountered a south-east gale that stove in our port bulwarks, crippled our jib-boom, sprung our foretopsail yard, and did other damage, which made it necessary to run in somewhere to repair. Hobarttown, in Vandieman's Land, was the nearest port, and thither it was decided to go, and thither we accordingly went.

We had been some three weeks in port, the captain and myself remaining almost constantly on board, superintending and directing the repairs, while the petty officers and crew had as much shore liberty as they desired.

One evening, at the supper-table, when we were nearly ready for sea, Captain Copeland somewhat abruptly addressed me as follows:

"How would you like a shore cruise to-morrow, Mr. Percival?"

"Very much indeed, sir—provided—"

"Well, what's the provision?"

"Why, sir, that I could steer clear of those loafer suckers always hanging about every half respectable public place in Hobarttown, and who are always fastening on to every stranger, sponging drinks and dinners."

"Psha! It's not among that beggarly kind of craft that I intend cruising. What say you to having a regular *bender!*"

"What, with a bottle?"

"Thunder! no! With a boomerang. It's a long time since we've had any practice, and I propose that you and I go ashore early to-morrow morning and have a glorious time playing highjinks in Hobarttown. We won't drink a drop of liquor all day, but we'll have lots of fun."

"Left-handed fun, I'm afraid, cap'n, if we go boomeranging about town. We shall knock somebody's head or our own off, and smash things generally."

"Oh, nonsense! Haven't we had practice enough to shoot clear of things? I'll bet I will."

"Very likely, of things you ought to hit, and smash up others you don't intend to touch."

"Oh, bother, Mr. Percival! Don't croak about squalls till you see 'em a coming. That's my way. What say—will you go?"

"Most certainly, sir."

"Very well—then be prepared early. Lay out your best weapon, and we'll be off as soon as we get our breakfast."

By half-past seven on the following morning we were ashore, each of us with a boomerang tucked under his arm, and I asked of Captain Copeland:

"Which way now, cap'n?"

"Oh, just up the street here a little bit, to a magistrate I know of."

"To a magistrate, sir?"

"Yes. I'm going to get a permit."

"For what pray? To kill somebody?"

"No—just to practice; and so these vagabond policemen can't interfere with our fun."

In the course of ten minutes we entered a magistrate's office, where, early as was the hour, the official was at his desk—a stout, well-dressed, jolly, gentlemanly-looking man, of fifty years, I should judge. The captain was acquainted with him, I soon learned.

"Good morning, Captain Copeland."

"Good morning, Mr. Villiers—Mr. Percival, my chief mate."

"Ah! Mr. Percival, your servant. Happy to know you, sir."

My response was cut off by the captain, who laid his boomerang on Mr. Villiers's desk, inquiring, as he did so:

"D'ye know what that is, sir?"

"Really, captain, I don't think I do. Some nautical implement, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, your Honor." And the captain explained the nature and use of the thing.

"And now, Mr. Villiers, will you be so kind as to give me a permit for Mr. Percival and myself to practice with these sticks. We have come ashore for that purpose."

"Most certainly, captain, with great pleasure," and Mr. Villiers gave Captain Copeland a permit, of which the following is a copy:

HOBARTTOWN, Jan. 9th, 18—.

This is to certify that the persons herein named—to wit, Capt. C. Copeland, of the American whale-ship Narraganscett, and Mr. Paul Percival, chief mate of said ship, are personally known to me; and permission is hereby granted them to practice in town with a stick called a boomerang. EDMUND VILLERS,
Magistrate.

Thus equipped and protected, we sallied out in search of sport; and were not very long in finding a sample of that commodity. Passing up one of the streets, we came to where on one side there was a vacant square upon which was deposited refuse dirt, rubbish, carcasses of dead animals, and all manner of filth, just as is done in this country in more civilized towns and cities than Hobarttown. The other side of the street was compactly built up, and most of the houses were occupied on the first floor as respectable stores and first-class shops.

Down in the centre of the vacant space, a huge black and white cat was perched upon the putrid carcass of a defunct sheep, tearing away ravenously at the flesh, on which he was breakfasting sumptuously.

"Cats are not property in Hobarttown, and I'll have a whang at that old chap," said Captain Copeland, happening to espy Tommy at breakfast.

The captain let drive his boomerang in the middle of the street; but instead of whanging pussy as he had threatened, the thing wiggled and bounced to and fro most ridiculously for a few moments, and then darting upward a short flight, it began whirling rapidly end over end and finally went *him* through the window of a linen drapers' shop, smashing in the entire lower sash.

We followed the eccentric missile—not direct, but through the legitimate entrance, when the captain explained things to the astonished draper, apologised for the trespass of his treacherous boomerang, paid two pounds three shillings damages, recovered his truant weapon; and we continued our bender.

The next shot happened to be mine, and though not so disastrous as the captain's, was very nearly as ridiculous. We had sauntered leisurely along up street for the space of three squares or so, when we drifted somehow into company with a tall, genteel-looking cockney Englishman, who noticing our queer looking sticks, inquired what they were.

"*Boomerangs*, sir," I replied, laconically.

"Oai—yes—certainly. I've 'eard hof them things. But, gentlemen, hi don't believe alf the stories they tell hof killing banimals with them sticks. Now, hi'll wager a guinea you can't it hany hobject—my at say, hat hever so small a distance."

"Done," I said, producing a guinea.

"Done," promptly echoed Mr. Cockney, exhibiting the golden effigy of "Our Sovereign Lady the Queen," and placing it in Captain Copeland's hands, naming him as stake-holder.

It was proposed to retire to a piece of vacant ground not far off, and make the trial, and thither we went. As soon as we arrived on the ground, I proposed a shot, and before the Englishman could inquire whither or what at, I let drive my boomerang. It struck the ground some fifteen yards from us, swivelled around there like a buzz for an instant or two, then darting up, it shied away to the right, turned, twisted, and came straight as an arrow, and as fast, striking the cockney's tall, immaculate beaver, and cutting the top of the crown off as clean as if done with a knife.

"Your hat, sir, was the object named by yourself as the target," I said, apparently as cool as ice-water, though in reality, I was as much astonished as the stranger could have been.

"Hi've lost my wager andsomely, gentlemen; but hupon my word, hi didn't think those things could be so heffective. Really hi must ave one. Could you tell me where I can procure one?"

"It will afford me great pleasure, sir, to present you with a fellow to this one, at any time you will do me the favor of calling on board the whale ship Narraganscett lying at Prince's Key."

"Thank you—thank you. I shall ave great pleasure in calling on you to-morrow. Eres my card, gentlemen, hand let me beg of you when you ave leisure hat hany time to call on me. Hi shall halways be most appy to serve you. Good-morning, gentlemen," and the London snob left us, probably to replace his demolished beaver.

I glanced at the card in my hand and read—

"*The Right Honorable,*
"FRANCIS BEAUFORT,
"28 LISLE SQUARE,
"HOBARTTOWN."

Thunder! Here was *highjinks* with a vengeance. Cutting down the beaver of the R't. Hon. Francis Beaufort, Colonel of the ——th Hussars, Royal Commissioner of Police for Vandieman's Land, and eldest son of the great Earl of Eglinton. However, the thing was done. No use in whimpering about it now. So we laughed rather feebly, and continued on our bender.

We had it turn about, and the captain came in for the next mishap. An hour after our encounter with the Royal Commissioner, we discovered a monstrous, black Australian rat navigating right up the centre of the street. Captain Copeland let drive at him, and for a wonder it knocked him over. But the infernal boomerang, not satisfied with killing the rat, bounced up into the air and oscillated from one side of the street to the other, as if undecided which of the shop windows to attack. Just then there came trotting briskly down the street a beautiful girl, attended by a sprucely dressed, handsome young officer of the Colonial Guards; both superbly mounted. The confounded boomerang made a downward dart, and took the officer's horse a swinging clip on the crupper that made him shoot on end like a rocket. The lady's horse took fright, and away they went down the street like high pressure lightning—a regular involuntary run-away match.

The race resulted in nothing serious, and so after explaining matters to three policemen who had witnessed the whole affair, and who were disposed at first to arrest us; we were permitted to prosecute our highjinks.

Our next adventure was dual, involving both in difficulty, though our eccentric missiles divided their destructive proclivities, and brought us into trouble on both sides of the way. We had wandered about for something more than two hours, without having met with anything worthy another exhibition of our dexterity, when upon turning into the principal street of the town a mighty uproar assailed our ears, and looking up the street, we saw coming down with yells and shouts, and all manner of frantic gestures, a dense mass of men, women, boys, girls, civilians, soldiers, convicts, and countrymen, armed with guns, clubs, brooms and paving stones; all in pursuit of a wretched, long legged, half-starved cur, who, with tail between his legs, tongue out, and bloody jaws flecked with foam, was reeling as he ran, shying from side to side, and desperately doing all that dog could to escape "the wrath to come."

"*Mad dog*—MAD DOG!" was the battle cry of the pursuing rabble; and "*Kill him*—KILL HIM!" the refrain. No wonder the poor dog was mad. It was more than enough to have made a saint lose his temper.

"You two men with the clubs there—why don't you kill that dog? Don't you hear them shouting up there? He's mad, I say. Fire away at him with your clubs. I am the Commissioner of the District, and command you."

Mr. Commissioner was taking precious good care of himself, for he was mounted, and riding on the sidewalk. We cared very little for the official, or his order to "fire away." A legal plea was all we wanted, and so we let drive at the dog—by diverse action, however, just as the savage chief had done in bringing down the mamasitt and kangaroo.

With a simultaneous *click*, our boomerangs struck the pavement near each other, glanced diagonally upwards to the height of fifteen feet, where for five seconds they balanced themselves like kites preparing to stoop upon their prey, and then hissing over our heads in a wavering flight, they came down both together on the head of the harried cur, with a *whelt* that cured him of his madness in a second.

As if their destructive propensities had not been appeased by the crushing of the dog's skull, the perverse boomerangs bounced up again, each taking a directly opposite course from the other, and at right angles with the street. The captain's weapon attacked the shop of an old Jew pawnbroker jeweller's, first demolishing a poll-parrot, tin cage and all, that hung beside the door, and then, darting into the shop, it crushed through a glass case on the counter, smashing jewelry generally; then tearing out divers parcels of unredeemed pledges from the shelves, it wound up its antics by flooring the old Jew himself.

My boomerang took an upward start straight towards the second floor window of a fine private mansion. The window was up, and in, endlong, whizzed the savage missile, missing, by ever so little, a bevy of ladies crowding the opening, curious to see what was doing in the street.

The first act of vandalism perpetrated by the impudent intruder, was to knock out of countenance a magnificent portrait in oil of Queen Victoria. Then it made a dive at the marble mantel crowded with Etruscan vases, recherche Cupids, and divers articles of vertu; sweeping the mantel clear, and smashing to atoms its ornaments; at the same whisk, making a compound star fracture in the great plate glass mirror resting upon the mantel. Next the crazy boomerang dashed through an array of Sevres china, ormolu, and Bohemian glass accessories of the *toilette*; after which it slid under the centre-table, and quivered itself into a state of inertia.

When the whole amount of mischief done by our unruly boomerangs had been communicated to the crowd in the street, it created very nearly as great an excitement against us as the defunct cur had excited. But before anything serious had occurred, the Commissioner, who was the proprietor of the mansion in which my weapon had wrought so much damage, promptly rode up and informed the excited crowd that it was by his express command that we had made the destructive shot; and when it became generally known that our weapons had slain the mad-dog, the popular tide set instantly in our favor. We were complimented, cheered, and courted, and invited to dinners and drinks innumerable. We thanked our multitudinous friends, and accepted the Commissioner's invitation to dine with him—and thus ended our day's *bender with a boomerang*.

Sardinia Marriage Customs.

But hush! silence! there is a tramp of horses outside—not a word—presently, a low tap at the door. The father looks around to see that all is in order, then slowly rising, obeys the summons.

Father—"Who is there?"

From without—"Friends."

Father—"What do you want?"

From without—"We seek a stray lamb."

Father (partly opening the door)—"Do my friends desire to see if it has strayed into this fold?"

On this the intended bridegroom gently pushes open the door, and enters, accompanied by a few chosen friends. The father bows courteously to each, and then, turning round to his family, introduces the various members composing it, beginning first with the mother, and ceremoniously inquiring—

"Is this the lamb you have lost?"

A shake of the head is the negative reply. At that the spouse is presented. The bridegroom that is to be starts, runs forward, takes her hand, and respectfully kisses it.

"This is the lost lamb!"

He is rejoiced to have found the beautiful lamb he sought for. The father is pleased, pats the lover on the back, and calls him a brave lad.

The lover, in his turn, protests that he will take care of the lovely lamb, and soon conduct it to his fold.

"Ah! San Lorenzo, I believe thee," sobs the soft-hearted mother.

"Bah! Teresa, do not weep. Where is the rosario thou has prepared for thy Bita's betrothal gift?" exclaims the father. "Thy bird will be well with so true and gallant a lover as my Teresina. True, she is going from thee, but she will be mated; so dry thine eyes, old girl."

Meanwhile the lover has placed one more ring on the already laden fingers of the young spousa. She bashfully presents him with a rosary, and thus "*segnali*," or betrothed gifts are exchanged.

☞ HISTORY EPITOMIZED (BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.)—"*Cæsar* and *Boney* very much alike—specially *Boney!*"

☞ Why are people who stutter not to be relied on? Because they are always breaking their word.

☞ Praise is the handmaid of virtue, but the maid is much oftener wooed than the mistress.

EX HUMO.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Should you dream ever of the days departed,
Of youth and morning, no more to return—
Forget not me, so fond and passionate-hearted;
Quiet at last reposing
Under the moss and fern.

There, where the fretful lake in stormy weather
Comes circling round the reddening churchyard pines,
Rest, and call back the hours we lost together,
Talking of hope, and soaring
Beyond poor earth's confines.

If, for those heavenly dreams too dimly sighted,
You became false—why, 'tis a story old:
I, overcome by pain, and unrequited,
Faded at last, and slumber
Under the autumn mould.

Farewell, farewell! No longer plighted lovers,
Doomed for a day to sigh for sweet return:
One lives, indeed; one heart the green earth covers—
Quiet at last reposing
Under the moss and fern.

The Boy Hero.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am very sad to-day. As I sit alone in my room with an open letter upon my lap, the tears fall fast over my cheeks; for this letter tells me of the death of a brave, noble boy, for whom my heart was very full of loving kindness. I shall tell you all about this dear little fellow, so you may know how good and manly little boys can be.

His name was Andrew Carter. All the soldiers called him Andy, and I dare say they called him Andy at home, too, for it seemed very natural to him. He lived in a little cabin not far from Corinth, Mississippi, and his parents were quite poor. But I think they must have been very good people, because Andy was so good and sensible. His father never liked the rebels, and they knew it; so when the North and South began to fight, they treated Mr. Carter very badly, and forced him into the rebel army. Pretty soon Mr. Carter ran away and got back to his home again; but they soon found him and put him on trial for desertion. Of course he was proved guilty, and they shot him only a little way from his home, leaving Andy and his mother all alone.

Now, can you imagine how poor little Andy felt when they killed his dear father? It was a terrible thing, and as he thought about it, his heart grew very bitter against the rebels.

He had no way of doing anything, though, and remained quietly at home helping his poor mother, until the rebels evacuated Corinth and our army took possession of the place. Then Andy went to a recruiting officer and told him that he wanted to enlist. To be sure he was very young, only fourteen years old, but he had always been a strong, healthy boy, and was used to hard work, and that made him hardy. After asking him a great many questions, the recruiting officer concluded to take him, so Andy becomes a soldier, though just at first they made a drummer of him. Andy loved music very much, and could beat the drum splendidly.

Of course Mrs. Carter felt very badly about his going into the army; but she was very poor, and knew that Andy's pay would be a great help to her. Besides that, a great many men and officers soon became pleased with his good behavior, and were exceedingly kind to his mother. They felt very sorry for her when they heard how her husband had been forced into the Confederate service, and then shot for deserting.

Several months passed by, and Andy still made friends because he was so nice and faithful. The other soldiers could never get him to tell falsehoods or say naughty words, and of course, though they did laugh at him, they respected him all the more, and would have done a great deal for him if he had asked them.

I dare say somebody has told you about that terrible battle at Corinth, in September, 1862, or you have read about it in the newspapers. In that battle Andy Carter did a very brave thing for a boy, and it pleased all the officers very much. They fought hard for two days, and on the second day, the rebels penetrated the town, coming up close to a hotel that stood at one end of the place, where a great many railroads met.

Just a little way from this hotel, which was called the Tishomingo, was a pretty deep cut in the ground, through which one railroad ran; and over this cut was a bridge built somewhat in the shape of an arch. There was a railing on each side of the bridge, and a long pole erected from the centre, from the top of which flottered the dear old stars and stripes of our National Flag.

Right across the bridge a short distance stood another hotel called the Corinth House, and while they were fighting so hard on the second day, the rebels drove our men back from the Corinth House, and still on toward the bridge, over which the rebels pressed gradually, while our poor men, fighting, one against four of the enemy, fell like sheep at the slaughter.

Andy Carter, with his drum, was near the bridge, and saw our men falling on all sides. He also saw a rebel spring upon the railing and strike down our flag. In the next minute the drum was lying upon the ground and Andy had snatched up a musket which he knew was loaded, for the man who owned it was killed before the musket was discharged. As quick as thought, he took aim and fired at the man who took down the flag, and he fell to the ground. The minute after he had scrambled up and replaced the colors amid a storm of cheers from the soldiers, who taking heart at such bravery, rallied and drove the rebels back in a perfect cloud of smoke. Pretty soon more men were sent to help them, and as they pursued the advantage they had gained, Andy limped away to bind up a painful wound in his leg, which he had received while replacing the flag on the bridge.

After the battle was over, I heard a great deal said about Andy's brave conduct, and wanted to go to see his wound, but the surgeon told me that it was not dangerous, only a flesh wound, which would soon get well; so I gave all my time to those who had fared more badly, and it was a long, long time before I saw Andy Carter. The autumn and winter came and passed, and spring was again brightening the beautiful South, when I went back to Corinth to spend the summer, and happened to see the little hero. It happened in this way:

One day I was riding out with our medical director to see some sick men in a hospital that stood away off by itself, and after we got through, I proposed to ride outside of the picket lines to see one of the old camps where our army had lain the year previous, before the battle.

Before we passed the picket, the doctor met one of his assistant surgeons, with whom he stopped to talk for a little while, so I rode on, looking about me with great interest. It was all fresh and pretty now, with green grass and flowers in many places, very different from what it had been when I was there before, and saw the trees all literally white with dust, and the streams dried up till only little muddy pools remained in places. I remember how sorry I felt for the poor horses and mules which they took there to drink from those pools, for it was all there was, and it seemed as if they must all die of heat and thirst. Suddenly I came to a full stop, for there was the picket before me, and he was demanding my pass. I did not have one, but I knew the doctor had, so I thought I would amuse myself a little until he came up. The picket was a small fellow, with a round sun-burnt face and flaxen hair; but his blue eyes were very clear and earnest, and altogether, he looked like an honest, sturdy soldier.

"Show your pass," he demanded, coming close to my horse and raising his hand for it.

"Suppose I have none," I answered, "could you not pass me through the lines without?"

"No, ma'am."

"What, not for just once."

"No, ma'am."

"Would you not if I were to tell you that I am your general's wife?"

"No, ma'am. My orders are strict; and if you are the general's wife, you are the last one to attempt to break his orders. He says nobody shall go through without a pass, and if you do not show yours, you must go back."

I was very much pleased with his reply, for it was as respectfully uttered as it was decided and positive. It was on my lips to cry "bravo!" but I thought I would wait and talk a while longer; and pretty soon I asked him his name. Then he told me it was Andy Carter. When the doctor came up, he produced his pass, and we rode on, while I told him about the talk I had with Andy, and what a faithful little fellow he was; for between you and me, I had tried to bribe him to pass me through, offering him a great deal of money just to try him, which he refused indignantly. When I had done this, I told him that I was not his general's wife, but the wife of an officer in the command, and only wished to test his fidelity. I shall never forget the look he gave me when I told him this. At first it was full of anger and mortification, and then the tears came to his eyes and he turned his face away, saying—

"It was very unkind of you, ma'am, to think so meanly of me. If I am young, I have been a faithful soldier; and I did not think that any one doubted me."

"Nor did I," I hastened to say. "Far from it. I have heard your name a great many times, and of your brave conduct in the late battle. Forgive me for hurting your feelings. I did not intend to do so; and rest assured, Andrew, I am your friend, and hope I always shall be."

That evening when my husband came in from headquarters, I told him of my meeting with the little hero, and how much I liked him. After which he sent for Andy, and had a long talk with him, which resulted in something quite pleasant. My husband had him detailed for duty at headquarters, and he became his orderly.

Andy was naturally intelligent, but he had never been to a school in his life, and could only spell a little. I discovered this after a while, and as soon as I found out that he was eager to learn, I sent to Memphis for some books, and began to teach him to read. He studied hard and improved fast, taking every leisure moment he could get for his lessons, while the other orderlies sat about the steps of headquarters, and smoked, or amused themselves by teasing the little negroes.

By-and-by we changed our headquarters to a lovely place in Middle Tennessee, called Pulaski, and Andy was left for awhile at Memphis with the regiment. But after a little while my husband missed him so much that he sent for him, and he was very glad to get back to us again.

He never was away from my husband after that, but was always at his post, good and faithful as unchanging. When our forces were ordered to take Decatur, Alabama, he risked his life for my husband; and more than once on that march to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to Savannah, he did the same thing. On the field in the various battles that were fought, he was always reliable to carry orders and messages anywhere that he was sent, and was noticed by many for his unwavering courage and steadiness under fire. I think if Andy had lived, he might have been a great man some day.

But after that long march of Sherman's from Savannah into the Carolinas, Andy was in the fight at Fayetteville, where General Hampton attacked our men at such a fearful disadvantage; and when the soldiers were withdrawn after the fighting was over, and they began to gather the dead for burial, poor Andy was among them. He had fallen at his colonel's side while the balls fell around them like hail, and with his last spark of life striving to execute the orders given him. When the dead body was pointed out to him before burial, his colonel sank upon one knee by his side, and with his face supported by his hand, wept bitter tears of regret over the brave boy.

And now a letter has reached me that tells me all about it. Do you wonder that I am vexed, and that I have shed many sorrowful tears to-day? I loved Andy very much, and he is dead. Poor Andy Carter!

BELLA Z.

☞ A well-known scientist in New York City, some years since [illegible] annoyed by boys, who rang his bell and ran away. So the doctor ground on the top of electricity, led a wire to the bell, and sat down to wait. Shortly after a horrible howl on the front steps was half murdered by the shock. The doctor's troubles from that source were postponed.

☞ We believe there are [illegible] for supposing that Gen. Tom Thumb is in England on a military mission. He visited the United States in this capacity, but President refused to supersede Grant in favor.

AT NIGHT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Some years have passed since last we met,
Of summer bloom and winter snow;
But living is their memory yet,
Oh friend of long ago!

For still in dreams I know again
The old-time love, the changeless truth,
And soft as fall of summer's rain,
Come visions of our youth—

As now my heart on thoughts of light,
Goes back through all the vanished past,
And finds new happiness to-night,
Amidst old friends at last.

A. S. F.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT THE LAST.

Death's seal was upon her; but for all that it was such a commonplace face to have caused such a wealth of anguish to such a man.

She was lying with her eyes closed when he first knelt down by her side, and all the casual observer would have seen was a large white face, coarse features, and ill-marked brow, and a mouth that had been voluptuous in youth, but that now was pinched and drawn. He saw more than this: he saw the face of the woman he had vowed all unwittingly to love and cherish years, years ago, while still a boy; the face of the woman whose own conduct had forced him from the hard task; the face of the woman who had been the cause (innocent in that, though) of his seeming a scoundrel to Theo Leigh.

She opened her eyes after a while, and asked, "Is he here still?" in a querulous, whining tone, and they told her in response that "her husband was," and so presently she turned her eyes upon him.

"So, you could come for this?" she asked; and there would have been sarcasm in the poor dying voice, had she allowed herself to hear it.

He stooped down: he was very tender to aught that was weak or womanly. She was very weak now, in this parting hour, and very womanly withal in her mild attempt to embitter it.

"Zoe, let us forgive," he said, as softly as though she had anything to pardon in him.

She moved her head wearily on the pillow, this woman with the beautiful, soft Greek name, who was dying.

"I can forgive," she muttered; "take my hand," (she drew it from beneath the coverlet,) "and tell me you will too—everything."

He took her hand.

"Everything, everything," he whispered.

"Then raise me up, and, with my head upon your shoulder, I will tell you truly what became of *her* whose head would have been more welcome there than mine has ever been."

"Of Leila," he said mournfully, obeying her.

"Yes: she did not die."

"He lied, then, even though all was so long over," Harold said, more to himself than to her.

Her breath came quicker and shorter.

"You must lean me back," she muttered brokenly; "lean me back and listen! Leila lived for years. Harold, do you remember when I was first false to you?"

He bent his head in bitter assent. Had she merely sent for him to stab him?

"I gave myself to him on condition that he should never let you know that Leila, who loved you still, and whom he had forced away and kept till—till—"

"God! She was never *his*, say?" Harold Ffrench cried; and the answer was a weary closing of the eyes, a weary movement of the lips, a weary, sad, painful fleeing of the soul from the frail body. The Greek woman, the bride won in such a romantic way, (for Linley's tale had been Harold's true story, with the substitution of Constantinople for Athens,) the wife who had been a curse to him, the sister of the girl who had first waked love in his soul, was dead!

Her last words had been perhaps the bitterest drop in the bitter cup his connection with her had forced him to drink. For years, from the date of that rash chivalrous marriage which had marred him, up to the day of Linley's introduction to Kate Galton and Theo Leigh, Harold Ffrench had, never heard of Leila. He had never dared to seek tidings of her while his love for her lived, because of his wife, her sister. And when at last time killed that love, the day for seeking tidings of her was long, long past. So he went on till that night when Linley told him that Leila had "expiated her offence against the heaven-born passion, Love, in the dark blue waters of the Bosphorus."

He had grieved at the hearing as a man must grieve when he learns that the lovely thing he loved has come to an end. He had grieved and believed, on her own death-bed, his wife had comforted his grief by abolishing the belief in it for it a fear that a deeper sin and a deeper degradation might be feared.

He moved [illegible] presence [illegible] burden [illegible] dra[illegible]

he had married had been true to her fleshly instincts, true to her disregard of more ennobling influences to the last.

There were gilded toys about, movable figures arrayed in the last Paris fashions, that waggled their heads and wriggled their hands when you pulled a wire. There were many volumes of colored engravings, whose bindings caused you to blink. There was a wearisome waste of all such things as a tasteless woman with plenty of money to spend and an eye for bright colors, is sure to collect about her. But there was not a single thing about the room which told that the woman who had occupied it had possessed either heart, soul, or mind.

He had never been in that house before. The little dogs, the only things that had loved and lived with his wife to the last, came round him cringingly, as Maltese terriers will, expecting either a kick or a biscuit, but there was no recognition in their servile eyes, no friendship in the wags of their time-serving tails. He had never been there before—he had never seen his wife since that hour to which she herself had alluded, when he first knew her false to him.

He had never known a moment's love for her; but when he had first recovered from the stunning blow the deception which made her his wife had dealt him, when first he recovered from that, and along through a series of years that appeared interminable, he had striven to "make the best of things" for her and for himself. She was a babyish-minded, ignorant, plain young girl. She had already shown herself an adept at intrigue in a way that had wrecked his life; still he reminded himself that she was his to guard and improve now, let the means by which she had become so be ever so reprehensible. He strove with all his strength and mind to so guard and improve, but her low ignorant cunning baffled him at every point, till he sickened over the task.

Then there came a day when the man who had aided him in carrying her off "under a mistake," as he (Harold) still supposed, appeared upon the scene. She brightened a little, came out of her apathetic languor, seemed to throw off a few of her wearingly childish ways and tedious laziness, when this friend came, till at last Harold knew that both friend and wife were foully false to him.

The man could fight. Harold had the poor consolation of leaving a scar that never wore out on the hand of the man who had wronged him. But the woman—the plain, soulless woman, who had been the cause—what of her?

Her lover—the one who, for some cruel spite, had played at being so—would have none of her, that Harold knew. She relapsed into her former apathy, making no defence, caring not what became of herself; so he reproaching himself a little, perhaps, for that he had never loved her, suffered her to remain a clog to him, sought no divorce, and separated from her only to her greater comfort.

The friend who had done him this last injury was David Linley.

It seemed such a motiveless wrong, such a causeless injury. It remained a profound enigma to Harold Ffrench why David Linley should have wrecked their friendship for this woman without a charm, till on her death-bed she told him brokenly that Leila had been loved by Linley, and had never loved Linley in return. He saw it all now: there had been a motive, and the motive was jealousy, which sought to sting, no matter how or when.

His "love for Leila was a long-dead thing," as he had once said to Theo Leigh. But he could not help thinking with some of the old passion of the glorious-faced girl whom he had loved and lost in his youth. She had been true and tender, then, after all; she had loved him, and her fate had been so hard, so horrible! It was so vague to him even now.

He roused himself from this dream of the past, and the thoughts of the present came to him and caused his heart to bound. Life held much for him still. The past would be swept away like an ugly dream; the future was all his own to give to Theo Leigh.

How he longed to hold her to his heart and tell her all!—his early love, his wrongs and sufferings!—to lay bare his life before her, in fact, and hear her say that she would take what was left of it. How he longed to do this, and to bring back the bloom to the fresh young cheek that had blushed its best blush for him, and that the moonlight told him but the night before, had grown so very pal[illegible]

But he had been over[illegible] "he would wait now till none co[illegible] premature. There w[illegible] ing he felt proudl[illegible] steel he knew.

By-and-by [illegible] vant who h[illegible] she tol[illegible] well [illegible]

tear himself away. He could only stand and think very softly of her and of the solitary life she had led for years in loveless penitence.

Presently there was a sound of tiny pattering feet, then a rushing, and worrying, and scraping, and the little Maltese terrier came from under a chair that stood by the head of the bed with something in her mouth. "Here, Julie, Julie!" the maid cried affrightedly. But before she could rescue it Harold Ffrench had taken from Julie's mouth a scarcely-worn glove, and read on the inside of the wrist the name of "David Linley."

CHAPTER XXXII.

SAVED AND LOST.

"Good heavens! what do you mean?" Frank Burgoyne asked.

"Mean? Why, that that fellow, who is not the fool *you* take him to be, has fathomed your feelings for his wife. You have been mad," David Linley replied sternly. His game seemed very clear to him now; he liked Theo himself, and he would have won and worn her if he could have done so. Failing that, however, as he felt that he should fail, strive as he might, he resolved that Harold Ffrench should never have her. It had been Harold's misfortune through life to win love that Linley coveted; Linley had still one arrow in his quiver to let fly into the heart of his former friend.

Frank Burgoyne grew flushed and uneasy.

"You exaggerate in the most horrid way, Linley," he began hotly; "there has been nothing in my manner to Mrs. Galton, for whom I have the deepest respect—"

Linley groaned impatiently.

"Talk that trash to women, they'll believe you perhaps. My dear fellow, there's been that in your manner to Mrs. Galton, and, by Jove! that in Mrs. Galton's manner to you, that if Harold Ffrench gets hold of it you're ruined with your grandfather."

"I will not allow Mrs. Galton's name to be handled in this way, or her conduct to be called in question," Frank replied indignantly.

"Then teach her to be more careful, show her that it is incumbent upon her to be more careful, not alone for her own sake, but for yours. Good heaven! your grandfather will fancy himself justified in anything—a married woman! his favorite cousin!" Linley said earnestly.

"You are making the most groundless accusations in your anxiety for my welfare, Linley; you are over-shooting the mark altogether," Frank said nervously. He was miserably conscious of the state of his own feelings towards Kate, and miserably uncertain as to how far he had betrayed them. This uncertainty kept him under, as it were, and gave David Linley the mastery.

"I can only tell you that Galton is on the alert; he told me to speak to you. I don't wish to asperse Mrs. Galton, but when a married woman sees a man is in love with her, it looks rather suspicious if she suffers the thing to go on."

"I have never thought of her for an instant save as an agreeable companion," Frank replied moodily.

"It is most unfortunate, *most* unfortunate, then, that your manner should have implied so much more. Knowing that she is a flirt, and that you are impressionable, I ought never to have thrown you in contact; the fact is, I fancied you were sweet on that charming girl, Theo Leigh."

"So I am," Frank said hurriedly. He was ready to say or do anything to avert the possibility of the shadow of suspicion falling upon Mrs. Galton's admired head. The folly had all been his; he alone would pay what penalty that folly cost.

"I am heartily glad of it. No, I won't come in, thank you; I must get over to Lowndes, and dine as quickly as possible. I have to run up to town to-night to see my lawyer. I shall tell Galton before I go that Theo Leigh is the one, and I'll let *her*, Mrs. Kate, know it too, or she will be compromising you."

"For heaven's sake don't say too much," Frank said, in a bewildered tone.

"If you regard your interests at all, too much cannot be said," Linley replied firmly; "you know the trifle that's required to make a very considerable difference in your grandfather's wil[illegible] B[illegible] love! I shall [illegible] that Mrs. Galton has [illegible] cre[illegible]

in which he had written his name delicately and legibly; and he agreed with her "that it was a shame; but I have rushed from one extreme to the other under your auspices." He travelled up in those gloves nevertheless.

It is not essential to follow him upon that journey; the scenes through which he passed are perhaps better left untouched. It need only be told that he was more fortunate than Harold Ffrench, in that when the train crept slowly up to the terminus in that gray morning hour he trusted to his own wit rather than to the porter's, and so procured the solitary hansom waiting there, which wafted him speedily on towards his goal. But he was more unfortunate in one thing; when he reached his goal he lost a glove, while Harold found one as we have seen.

The host was back in admirable time to recover his fatigue, and receive his guests on the following day. He wore an outside mantle of extreme good humor and high spirits, but Kate had a habit of lifting up corners of such mantles and looking beneath. She did so on this occasion.

"Something has gone wrong with you," she whispered, after the Leighs and Sydneys had arrived, and while they were awaiting the Burgoynes, and were all trying not to look as if they were anxious for the Burgoynes to come. "Something has gone wrong with you, I am sure. Can't the missing copy be found?"

"No, and it makes me awfully anxious; but cover that anxiety if you can, that's a good creature," he replied; and Kate promised, but did no believe him.

It was easy enough to cover his anxiety, and conceal it from the earliest arrivals, for Mr. Leigh went back into the past at sight of Linley, and enlarged upon the same for John Galton's special behoof. It was a rare treat to Mr. Leigh to meet with some one who felt an interest in that particular epoch which was brought to his mind by the meeting with Linley. John Galton felt and looked genuine interest at once in Mr. Leigh's reminiscences, just as he would have felt and looked about anything that concerned anyone whom he liked however remotely.

As for Theo and Sydney Scott, they had not come to that age yet when we mark the mien that is not shown to us.

But when the Burgoynes appeared upon the scene David Linley became what he had never had cause to accuse himself of being before—a fidgetty dispenser of hospitalities.

"I am awfully afraid of things going wrong even now, though they're well in train," he said, half to himself and half to Kate Galton, with a startled look, when she laid her hand on his arm gently and told him he must take her in to dinner.

"How should they? and what matter if they do?" she answered, rather scornfully. She was becoming weary of this reigning at his shooting-box, and having to play the hostess to "so many women."

"Ah! you don't know how I have set my heart on it: how should you?" he replied. Then he laughed, and got himself together with a shake, and asked impressively, when they had all seated themselves, and there was the usual silence, "why he had not the pleasure of seeing Harold Ffrench?"

"He had to go up to town last night," Frank Burgoyne replied.

"He received a telegram which carried the day against my father's dismay at his departure," Ethel explained. "Do you know we have all, even Frank, come round to liking Mr. Ffrench very much; he *is* so nice when you know him, and he has *such* a story!"

"Has he indeed? Should you have thought he looked like a man 'with a story,' Miss Leigh?" Mr. Linley asked of Theo, who sat shivering, and thinking, "now it will *all* come out, *it* will all come out."

"But he has," Ethel persisted; "a story that there can be no harm in telling if we Burgoynes don't mind telling it; the secret of our father's liking for him is to be found in his story."

"Do tell it, if it isn't long," Kate Galton said, uttering the first portion of her sentence aloud for Ethel, and the latter part in a dulcet whisper, that fell upon Mr. Linley's ear alone.

"It might be made a great deal of by aid of your gift," Ethel Burgoyne replied, looking at her he— — I haven't — however, I t is simply —

better happiness than the one he had lost at starting.

"I am not going back to the drawing-room with all those women alone," Kate whispered to her host, when dinner was over; "can't we all move together?"

"Do you want to flirt with Frank Burgoyne?" he asked, directing her gaze at the same time to Frank and Theo.

Mrs. Galton glanced hastily towards the pair, and tried a little laugh.

"Indeed I don't," she said, shaking her head; "were I free to have any offered me, I would have no boy's love."

She said it in a very low tone; but Frank Burgoyne had a habit of hearing her lightest accents. She despised him, then, despised and disregarded him. She had fathomed that he loved her, and resented the impertinence in the orthodox "noble matron" manner. Frank felt very guilty and terribly cast down.

Presently he looked up, across the table, at the husband of the lady on whose account he was enduring sensations of humiliation and remorse. He looked up, and found John Galton's eyes fixed on him with an expression of pitying contempt. The expression was not there in reality: it was only Frank's distorted judgment which read in that interrogatory look such a meaning. But the mistake did him good: strung him up to "have done with this folly at once."

"Before you go to-night I must speak to you, Theo," he whispered, bending his head towards her in such a way that all at the table marked the action. And when Theo looked up at him with frightened eyes, and tried to stammer out an answer that should sound as if she did not know perfectly well what he meant, he felt that he was, as he expressed it to himself, "in for it, and no mistake, now."

David Linley disregarded Mrs. Galton's suggestion as to the simultaneous return of both sexes to the drawing-room. He was nervous and excited himself, and he wanted more wine than he cared to take before women to steady his nerves. It was much to him that this last best joy should be taken from Harold Ffrench, for he (David Linley) had loved Leila, and Leila had never loved him. He desired that Frank Burgoyne should warm his imagination Theo-wards as much as was possible with wine, and Frank forwarded his desires in this respect freely.

In the drawing-room, meanwhile, things were not going so fast. Stagnation generally seizes the souls, and manners, and tongues of women when they retire for that privileged twenty minutes or so after dinner, unless they happen to have babies, or contumacious cooks, when their conversation is a maddening thing to those other women who have not either.

The Burgoynes were old enough and wellbred enough to conceal the extent to which they were bored. For full five minutes Ethel, gently seconded by her sister, made conversation, and contrived to make her words fall trippingly off her tongue. But there was no response made by the others to these efforts of hers. Charming, vivacious, fascinating as Mrs. Galton could be, and was ordinarily, she could also be quite the reverse of these things on occasions. One of these occasions presented itself now. She had nothing further to hope from the Burgoynes; such social radiance as they could shed upon her would be over soon, for it could not extend into Norfolk. While, as for Theo Leigh and Sydney Scott, they were wearisome to her to the last degree. Therefore Mrs. Galton sat in an easy attitude and complete silence before the fire, and gazed with much satisfaction at the reflection of her own pretty face in the back of a highly-glazed screen.

Nor were Theo and Sydney enlivening as companions on the whole. Theo had had her nerves considerably shaken by those meetings with Harold Ffrench and her father out in the goblin-garden, as Frank called the grave-yard the other night, and they had not recovered their usual tone again. More than this; she began to see, it began to dawn upon her, that it was within her ability to do or accept a something that would heal the soreness of the past, if she could honestly obliterate that past from her heart. And this she began to feel she could do.

In fact the girl was in a flutter—in the throes of the dread that it did not lie in her to act honorably and well towards everybody, herself included.

Life is — — he was simply "huffed," — huffiness, thank heaven, — There was not a — composition, and — ld have been — ng for any- — re. But — num- — l

"But you are very intimate, are you not?" Ethel persisted.

"Oh! we see each other often. I don't know about being very intimate. I haven't known her—I mean she hasn't known me very long."

"Isn't that the same as your not having known her, that you corrected yourself? I fancied you were great friends from your coming down here to stay with her."

Sydney almost shuffled on her chair, and felt hot and flushed. Miss Ethel Burgoyne was most innocently (or was she doing it out of malice?) putting her in an awkward position. On one side was a strong inclination to ignore all special intimacy with or kindly feeling for the traitor Theo, who had dared to let some loose laurels that were flying about light upon her own brow instead of bowing her head to the dust, and suffering them to waft along to their proper destination on Sydney's. And on the other side was the reflection that her position at Hensley altogether was incompatible with a declaration of utter indifference to and cold regard for the cause of her being there at all.

"I came down here because she was so dull, and wanted me," she said, almost snappishly, and very loud; "but I hate the country: so much is made of every trifle, and you hear of a thing till you hate it. It's all very well for Theo," she went on in a lower key; "she likes flirting, I suppose, and while there's any one to flirt with she's amused, or seems to be; but I never *do* flirt, and—"

"You don't care to see any one else indulge in such idle folly do you?" Ethel Burgoyne said in a laughing tone; then she took Sydney's morsels of white hands in her own, and went on, looking into the now sparkling blue eyes: "My dear, talk in that strain when you're ten or fifteen years older, but not now—no!—don't even do it then, or people may say that you are a spiteful, soured woman, which you never will be in reality; but the habit of saying whatever may first come upon the tongue grows upon one, dear."

She was too young and too good not to take a small semi-flattering lecture from a still young and pretty woman well and gracefully. So she threw off a few smiles on the spot, and shook off the appearance of chagrin at once, just in time, in fact, to be her own best self, when the men came into the room.

There being only four gentlemen, a rubber seemed inevitable; but David Linley knew better, even while suggesting it, than to suffer it to come to pass. He knew well that from a sober, respectable game of long whist such as Mr. Leigh would play, Frank would not arise prepared to go to extreme lengths about Mr. Leigh's daughter. The rattle of a dice-box on a desperate uncertainty as to red or black would have urged him on to commit any madness; but not whist, not debates as to where were the honors, and who perchance would gain the odd trick.

The inevitable, or rather the apparently inevitable rubber was evaded therefore deftly.

"We'll have a rubber; you'll like a rubber, Leigh?" the host asked, in a genial tone.

"Yes, certainly; I shall like it of all things. Won't some of these ladies—" Mr. Leigh was beginning, when Linley interrupted him.

"By Jove! I punched a lot of wads out of some cards in the gun-room before dinner! I hope we have another pack. I will ring and ask."

He rang and asked accordingly, and great search was made throughout the lodge, and, of course, not another pack found—whereat Mr. Linley expressed much concern; so much, indeed, that Kate, who fathomed him just at this special place, almost determined to make him feel what he expressed for a few minutes by declaring that she had a pack in her dressing-case. She relented from her purpose, however, on the birth of the reflection that it was not well to rile Linley for nothing.

"It being impossible to accomplish a rubber without cards, we will put up with music. You shall play to us," Mr. Linley said to Sydney.

"I hate playing."

He sat down by her.

"When *I* ask you?"

"When you say you'll put up with it, I should think so."

He made in reply one of the silly speeches, shot with satire, which his experience taught him to believe would tell upon a woman.

"I would 'put up' with strains from Pandemonium, provided you were the singer of them, or from Paradise, supposing I were in Pandemonium, on the same conditions. Do you believe me?"

She did not believe him, but she was charmed with him—charmed, odd as it may seem, by that very ugliness from which she had at first revolted—charmed with the flattery that she felt to be false—charmed into obliviousness respecting Frank and Theo.

Mr. Burgoyne had seated himself near to the — and daughter. He had refrained from — spot in the world on which his foot — lingly have rested just then—that — that was nearest to Kate Galton, — himself close to the girl with whom — on from that other one) he had — to be in love. Then Theo's — with—was it fear or hope?— — sank still lower could — Frank Burgoyne's. — self, to string — reminding — what — ded —

A Real Romance of the Harem.

Rare as are conversions from Mussulmanism to Christianity, or from the latter to Islam, yet fewer still are the instances in which the proselytes to either faith are women. One of these very exceptional cases has, however, occurred, in which the neophyte is a young Belgian girl, named Cordelier—the niece of the proprietress of a well-known English shop in Pera, who, despite all the popular errors as to the status of women in the Prophet's paradise, has risked everything, and gone boldly over to the faith of Mecca, for love of a seductive young Bey. For some months past she had been in the habit of going frequently to harems in Stamboul to take and execute millinery orders, and in the course of these business visits appears to have made the acquaintance of the young effendi in question. The *entente* was entirely unknown to her aunt, who, on her sudden disappearance, remained for several hours in anxious ignorance of her whereabouts. Late in the evening, however, a note from the fair runaway put an end to her relative's suspense by announcing the step she had taken, and firmly stating her determination to embrace her lover's faith in spite of every opposition. A personal interview on the following day—at the Turkish house near the At bazaar, where she had taken sanctuary—failed to shake this resolution, and accordingly she went before the cadi and made the first of the necessary declarations which precede formal admission into the pale of Islam. The Belgium Legation then interfered, and later in the week the young convert—who is about nineteen years of age, and possesses the buxom personal attractions which are dear to the eyes of Eastern connoisseurs—was brought before the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in company with her national dragoman. Here again she declared her resolute purpose to abjure Christianity, in spite of all that either Ali Pasha or the dragoman could do to urge reflection before finally committing herself to so grave a step. In view of this obstinacy, the Belgian authorities now deny her right to make the change, on the ground of non-age; and the Porte temporarily acceding to the objection, her final reception into Mussulmanism is suspended until the receipt from Brussels of specific proof of her age. The affair has been the nine days' talk of Pera gossips, to most of whom the fair but foolish apostate was, by face at least, well known.

☞ The last rebel issue of the Richmond Whig contains a leading article on the "utter impossibility of conquering the South."

☞ A strenuous effort is being made by the Paris fashionables, to induce gentlemen to discard the stereotyped evening uniform of black cloth and white chokers and cravats, and to take to velvet and gold embroidery.

☞ A retired actor, with a fondness for poultry, was asked why he named a favorite hen "Macduff." He replied that it was because he wanted her to "lay on."

☞ A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin gives his experience about obtaining petroleum from asphaltum. After spending about $5,000, and ruining all his clothes, he abandoned the project in disgust. He mentions several others, prominent men in San Francisco, who are convinced that illuminating oil cannot be obtained from that article more than from water.

☞ Among the conditional peace men in Richmond is General J. R. Anderson, proprietor of the Tredegar Iron Works. He was a brigadier general in the rebel army, and has made $14,000,000 since the war began. He is opposed to confiscation.

☞ Mrs. Hiram George, a young lady residing in Stoneham, Mass., has lost a husband, three brothers, and a brother-in-law, in different battles of the present rebellion. The husband was killed about four months ago. She is now called upon to mourn the loss of her two little sons, twins, about three years old, from scarlet fever and throat distemper.

☞ Rhett was an original secessionist, not only from Lincoln, but from Davis; and in his private correspondence, discovered at Charleston, he speaks of Davis as "a fool," as "pig-headed," and as held "in great contempt" in Charleston.

☞ The New York Commercial Advertiser reckons that, since August 8th, we have wrested from the enemy 1,900 cannon, or 700 more than were furnished by the Ordnance Department to our armies during the year covered by the report of the Secretary of War.

☞ The Topeka (Kansas) Record says that the workmen on the Union Pacific Railroad at Calhoun's Bluff, while excavating the rocks, find in the crevices thousands of snakes every day—rattlesnakes, copperheads, vipers, &c. They are in a torpid state, and are wheeled off and thrown into the river.

☞ "How long will it take me to go to Richmond?" asked an eager officer at City Point of a veteran brigadier holding command there, soon after we got the good news. "I can't say how long it will take you," was the answer; "it has taken me three years and eleven months."

☞ A Clever Deception.—At a sociable party in a fashionable quarter of Boston last week, the guests were invited to the refreshment room, where was spread a magnificent display of fruit, from the common garden currant to the rarest tropical luxury. It was all wax. The deception was so complete, that some was actually passed round before the joke was discovered.

☞ "They talk of running old Pete for President next time," remarked Jenkins to Muggins the other day, with a knowing look. "Pete who?" "Pete Roleum," answered Jenkins, walking off at a rapid pace.

England is about to follow the example in the formation of a cemetery near — to which may be gathered the — glish soldiers scattered in graves — a.

— y mountain near Motto St. — district of Sub, Italy, sud- — to the level of the plain, — behind, except a few trees — its top, and are still partly —

— , of Fairfield, Iowa, went to — s House, in Chicago, a few — ing out the gas, instead of — le died of suffocation during —

— ohn C. Rives, of Virginia, had — red thousand dollars in Eng- — e Orphans' Court at Wash- — n to be sold in London, the — ested in United States bonds. — nde $20,000 annually for "— — 0,000 for lottery tickets!

A Legal Addition to the Marriage Ceremony.

The New Orleans Picayune tells us that—"A few evenings since a gay party assembled in the 'Garden District' to witness the always interesting marriage ceremony. The bride elect was a beautiful daughter of the Crescent City, and the bridegroom a gallant gentleman attached to the Government.

"The buzz of general conversation peculiar to such occasions was suddenly hushed when the bridal train was heard descending the stairs on its way to the parlor. At length the door opened, and, preceded by one of our gravest and most popular divines, the party was ushered in. It included, of course, principals, seconds, and immediate friends. The marriage ceremony was performed according to the impressive service of the Episcopal Church, and when there was uttered the solemn and responsible announcement, by the officiating minister, 'I pronounce you man and wife,' one of the groomsmen, 'taking advantage of the occasion,' seized the bride by the hand, drew her towards him, she evidently willing to be the recipient of a congratulatory kiss. But judge of the surprise and amazement which followed among all present, when the bride, blushing and confused, was seen to have an 'Internal revenue stamp' pasted upon the centre of her fair forehead, while, at the same instant, a similar 'tax' appeared upon the intellectual front of the bridegroom!

"It is hardly necessary to say that all this was done by a Government official, who is so liberal in his construction of the revenue laws, that he deems even the sacred rite of marriage only legal when it is sanctioned by a revenue stamp. The 'insignia' remained on the official parties throughout the evening, and the incident has caused considerable fluttering among certain parties who have been recently married without the revenue stamp attached.

"It is well known that a title to a piece of land is worthless without a stamp. Why should the title to a wife or to a husband be of less careful concern? If the revenue laws apply in such general terms to all the transactions of life, and very properly select for impost all the products of domestic industry, then the marriage ceremony must be accompanied with the formula of stamps, otherwise it might be declared illegal, and subject the parties to much domestic uneasiness."

A Sad Accident.—A sad accident happened in Logan county, Ky., a few days ago. At an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, among other frivolous entertainments, the company amused themselves by snapping an old empty pistol at each other. When dinner was announced the pistol was carefully laid aside. During the absence of the company a little boy put a load in it, perhaps not knowing what use had been made of it. When the assemblage returned from the dining-room the pistol was found where it had been left. One of the gentlemen picked it up and snapped it several times at one of the ladies. He then said he would try Miss Olly. He playfully rested the pistol on the head of one of the company, took deliberate aim at her head, and pulled the trigger. Shocking to relate, this time it fired, the ball taking effect above the eye, killing her instantly. The actors of this tragical drama are people of the first respectability. The unfortunate young lady—Miss Olivia, daughter of Mr. James D. Browning—was in the bloom of youth, and appears to have been a general favorite, and her praise is upon everybody's lips.—*Louisville Journal, April* 10.

Curses which Came Home to Roost.—Everybody remembers the prophecies of the Charlestonians, in 1860 and 1861, that if the North should attempt to resist the will of South Carolina, the grass would grow in the streets of New York, and cows would be pastured in Broadway. The fire-eaters spoke with careless glee of this utter ruin and desolation, which they intended to bring upon the people of this city and the whole North. Well, the Southern correspondent of the London Times, writing from Charleston on January 14th of the present year, says of that city:—

"I am told that in the height of summer, when the grass in the streets afforded pasturage to many wandering cows, and the wild fennel shot up eight or ten feet high, turning the city into the semblance of a jungle, the sense of desolation and ruin was far more painfully felt. Already the hen-partridge has been found nestling among the crumbling ruins. Already the owl has been heard to hoot by night from the spires of the demolished churches."

Philadelphia and North Carolina.—We were yesterday shown a letter from North Carolina to a prominent business man of this city. The writers for twenty years have purchased goods in this city, and paid all their obligations to Philadelphia creditors before the war began. After congratulating themselves and the parties they address that the war is nearly terminated, they state that North Carolina is far less impoverished than Virginia or Tennessee. They express the belief that this fall trade will be resumed with Philadelphia by all the cities of that state. The relations between Philadelphia and North Carolina were especially friendly. The writers of the letter referred to further declare that a large amount of indebtedness on their part will at an early day be cancelled—that they are not impoverished, and that a great deal of gold, and many products that at any time will command gold, are concealed beyond the reach of the rebel army.—*Phila. North American.*

Punishment on the Instant.—By one of our Illinois exchanges we learn that a few days since a soldier's wife, living in the south part of Macon county, came to Decatur for the purpose of receiving at the express office a package of $400 sent her by her husband in the army. Being unable to furnish the proof of her identity, she was obliged to return without the money, and was subsequently accompanied by her brother-in-law, who furnished the required proof. On returning home she placed the money under her pillow. Some time during the night a man, whom she supposed to be a negro, broke open the door and demanded the money. There being a fire in the fire-place sufficient to light the room, the woman threw the money on the floor, and as the ruffian stooped to pick it up, dealt him a blow with a poker that broke his neck. The neighbors were aroused, and on washing the dead man's face the robber proved to be her brother-in-law.

☞ Camilla Urso's violin is said to be valued at $20,000. It is a Guernarius instrument, bearing date 1773.

CAGED HEROES.—There are two men whose names will, in time to come, be celebrated by chronicler and poet—who are like caged eagles, or lions in a den. In Asia Minor there lives a recluse, patiently meditating upon the Koran, and writing in his small, delicate Arabic calligraphy, a book of prayers. Who is this man with the thin moustache and the gray beard—with the turbin and the silken veil—with the long robe of brown serge through which his brown, bare arms are visible? He is one whom Victor Hugo called "pale spectre in a white burnous;" he fought against Clausel and Bugeaud and Pelissier, all now dead; he foiled the French for years, and led a cloud of horsemen across the desert; he is Abd-el-Kader. In the heart of Russia lives another patriot, who grows fat, they say, and cold, and tired. When he was young he excited a whole people to a frenzy of martial ardor; he sent Muscovite after Muscovite back from the Caucasus, beaten and baffled; he fought fifty fights, each as stubborn as Thermopylæ—he is Schamyl Bey.

☞ Mr. Lincoln has told his "little story" in Richmond. While seated in the parlor of the fugitive Confederate President, some one related to him the circumstances of Davis's flight. He said it reminded him of the negro, who, when his preacher told the congregation there were only two roads, one leading to hell and the other to damnation, exclaimed: "Don dis nigger will take to de woods."

☞ The remains of Col. Ulric Dahlgren have been sent from Richmond to Washington.

JARED'S "EMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and refining lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy. L'Email is especially endorsed by Mlle. Vestvali, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists, Perfumers and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., Pa. mar11-3m

TO CURE COUGHS.—Add one tablespoonful of Dr. T. B. TALBOT'S MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER to a half pint of water; take once in two hours.
For sale everywhere.
B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
64, 65, 66, 67, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington Street, New York.
H. C. KELLOGG, Agent at Philadelphia.
Also for sale by H. A. BOWERS, N. W. corner 6th and Green Streets, Philada

FIT, FITS! FITS!
Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for
CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.
Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 168 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $1; two, $5; twelve, $24. feb25-eow10t

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 96 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

VOLUNTEERS for the army should not leave the city until supplied with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For Sores, Scurvy, Wounds, Small-Pox, Fevers, and Bowel Complaints, these medicines are the best in the world. Every French soldier uses them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,13. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 129 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.
HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is very little demand for Flour, some 10,000 bbls found buyers, part for shipment, at $7,25@7,75 for superfine; $8@8,75 for extras; $8,50@9,50 for extra family, and $10@11,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6,75@7 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is lower and very dull, sales 600 bbls Brandywine at $6,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN.—The market is poorly supplied with Wheat; sales 18,000 bus at $1,95@2,15 for common to prime Western and Penna reds; $2,05@2,20 for Southern, and $2,25@2,35 for white. Rye is selling at $1,25. Corn; sales of about 35,000 bus to note at $1,20@1,05 for yellow afloat, and white at $1,12@1,18. Oats are selling at 83c afloat.

PROVISIONS.—Holders are rather firmer. We quote Mess Pork at $27@30, the latter for heavy western, and Mess Beef at $16@23 for common and extra quality. Bacon moves off at 18@23c for plain and fancy Hams, and 17@19c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats the sales are limited at 16@19c for pickled Hams, and 15@16c for salt and pickled Shoulders, as in quality. Lard is moderately active at 15@19c for common and prime tierce, and 10@11c for Grease. Butter is dull at 14@20c for packed and roll; choice is worth 35@45c, the latter for prime Goshen. Cheese is steady at 18@24c for fair to prime. Eggs are worth 25@26c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—Sales 300 bales at 33@36c for middling and good middling quality.

BARK is lower, with sales of about 60 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron at $20 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX is dull at 60c ₩ lb for yellow.

COAL.—Prices are unsettled, ranging at $6,25@9 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COPPER.—The market is quiet but steady.

FEATHERS continue dull at 60c ₩ lb.

HAY is selling at $30@31 ₩ ton.

HOPS.—Sales of Eastern and Western at 45@50c ₩ lb.

IRON continues dull. The demand for Pig Metal at from $40 to 42 for Forge, and $44@46 for Foundry.

LUMBER.—There is not much demand, and holders firm at $31@32 for White Pine, $27@28 for Yellow Sap boards, and $20 for Lehigh Hemlock do. Rafted Hemlock is selling at $16 for Scantling and boards.

MOLASSES is firmer; sales 200 hhds Porto Rico at 62@65c.

OILS.—Of Petroleum the demand is limited and the sales confined to free refined Oil at 75@77c; bonded is nominally held at 34@35c and crude at 34½@35c, with small sales.

PLASTER is selling at $5 ₩ ton.

RICE is quiet. Sales Rangoon at 10½c ₩ lb.

SEEDS.—Sales Cloverseed at $17@19 ₩ bushel. Timothy is reported at $4,50@4,75 ₩ bushel. Flaxseed is selling at $2,55@2,65 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum sells slowly at $2,35@2,40. Whiskey is dull at $2,17@2,20 for Pa. and western bbls.

SUGARS are more active. Sales of 2,200 hhds at 11@13c for Cuba, and 13½@14½c for Porto Rico.

TALLOW is active at 11½@12c.

WOOL.—There is some little demand for low grades, and a few small sales only are reported at 70@75c for fleece, and 85@90c for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from $15 to 21,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 000 Hogs at from $17,00 to 18,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 10 to 12½c ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 55 ₩ head.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Crook, Mr. OLIVER WILCOX to Miss ANNIE G. ECKFELT, daughter of Wm. Eckfelt, Esq., both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hotter, Mr. SAMUEL G. BERTOLET to Miss MARY A. BARNDT, both of this city.

On the 29th of March, by the Rev. Mr. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM H. MORRISON to Miss MARY M. COMBER, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. W. T. A. RINER, of Bucks county, to Miss CORNELIA L., daughter of Jacob R. Kline, Esq., of this city.

On the 11th of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Capt. JOHN GIFFORD to Miss HELEN M. BAYMORE, daughter of Samuel Baymore, Esq., both of this city.

On the 20th of March, by the Rev. Wm. Major, Mr. ALFRED LAWRENCE to Miss ANNIE R. ADAMS, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. S. E. Appleton, JAMES MCCONNELL to MAGGIE W. LITTLE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. BETTY PLATT, in her 65th year.

On the 10th instant, LAWRENCE COX, in his 68th year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. SARAH, wife of W. H. Hickman, Esq., in her 45th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. WALRAVEN, in her 70th year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. SAMUEL O. HAMMER, in his 63d year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. JOHN ROOT, Esq., in his 77th year.

On the 8th instant, SAMUEL L. PARR, of Co. L, 112th regt. Pa. Vols., aged 32 years.

On the 8th instant, ELIZA ANN, wife of Captain Jacob Peterson, aged 42 years.

On the 8th instant, DAVID DAVIS, in his 73d year.

On the 7th instant, JOHN C. ENGELMAN, in his 53d year.

On the 6th instant, Mr. JAMES MORROW, aged 47 years.

On the 1st instant, Captain G. W. MCELROY, of Co. C (Saunders' Guards) 19th Penna. Vols., in his 25th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.
We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS
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BAKER'S
ORNAMENTAL HAIR
MANUFACTORY.
The largest and best assortment of
Wigs, Toupees, Long Hair Braids and Curls, Water-falls, Victorines, Frizettes, Illusive Seams for Ladies,
At Prices LOWER than elsewhere,
909 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.
ap15-4t

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19 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.
STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
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Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
my2-1y

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By the Author of "Golden Wreath" and "Harp of Judah," containing Instructions, Exercises and Several Hundred Popular Songs, New and Sparkling, Adapted to all Occasions, and Alive with the Spirit of the Times, including Many Compositions never before published. Specimen pages sent free. Price of "MERRY CHIMES," 50 cents, on receipt of which it will be sent, post-paid.
Just published by OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
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THE FRANKLIN SAVING FUND,
No. 136 South Fourth St., Below Chestnut,
Pays five per cent. Interest on Deposits. Agents for the sale of United States 7 3-10 Loans at Par, Government, State and City Loans and Stocks bought and sold for deposit or and others on Commission.
mar18-3m

"TO DEALERS IN TOBACCO AND SEGARS."
Those wishing to purchase Tobacco and Segars, Pipes, &c., are requested to send for our Wholesale Price List, as we manufacture Segars and Tobacco. By buying of us you can obtain the best qualities at first prices. M. B. DEAN, Tobacconist,
feb18-3m 413 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

AGENTS, COME AND EXAMINE
An invention urgently needed by everybody, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $5 easily, by R. L. WOLCOTT,
feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

DRS. BASSETT & DOWN, Dentists, Oculists, and Aurists. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Platina, and Vulcanite, $5 to $50. Teeth filled with Gold, Silver, and Bone Filling, 50c to $1. Repairing. References. Office, 945 Ninth St., below Locust. Letters receive attention. mar25-3m

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

U.S. 7-30 Loan.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the
SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.
These Notes are issued under date of June 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into
U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.
GOLD BEARING BONDS.
These bonds are worth a premium, which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, and its *exemption from State and municipal taxation, adds from one to three per cent. more*, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.
The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a		$50	note.
Two cents	" "	$100	"
Ten "	" "	$500	"
20 "	" "	$1,000	"
$1 "	" "	$5,000	"

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th of June next will be paid in advance. This is
THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET
Now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the
GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.
Less than $300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.
In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.
JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
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At Reduced Prices.
JAMES S. EARLE & SONS
Have made a GREAT REDUCTION in their prices, and have now in stock a very large assortment of
Looking Glasses, Oil Paintings, Engravings, Portrait and Picture Frames.
LOOKING GLASSES MADE TO ORDER at the same reduced prices, to fill every character of space,
Mantels, Piers, Walls, Hotels, Ships, Bar-Rooms, &c.
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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—
No. 3 Machine, with
Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65
No. 2 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100
No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110
Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.
☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.
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319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

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100 PHOTOGRAPHS OF FEMALE BEAUTIES, in Oil Colors, for 50 cents, or plain ones for 25 cents.
100 Photographs of Generals for 25 cents.
☞ All orders must be sent to
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ap6-3t Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill.

A WATCH FREE,
And $15 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New*, and *Wonderful* PRIZE PORT-FOLIOS. Extra Large. Size 7 by 12. *Just Out*. Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, PRIZES, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families cannot do *without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold* or *Silver* WATCH presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits *very large*. Sales rapid. We *guarantee* any agent $15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, *same day* the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and *Premium Inducements*, sent *free*.
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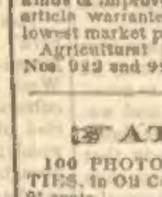
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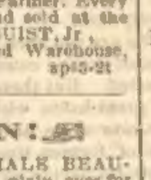
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No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
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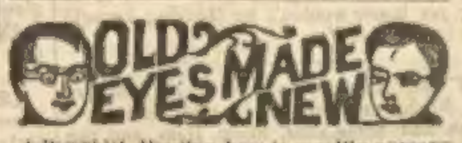

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A BALLAD BY A BEEF-EATER.

Have you seen this jerked beef? 'tis a new sort of food,
From La Plata they ship it by tons, prime and good,
And tender, when pounded and soaked well, and stewed:
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Your butcher may say that as leather 'tis tough
And your cook, at his bidding, declare in a huff
She can't even make soup of such horrible stuff:
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Pay no heed to their grumblings, but give it fair chance,
Good dressing of course will its virtues enhance;
At the worst, 'tis as good as the *bouillon* of France.
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

'Tis more fattening than ass-flesh, which there, as one hears,
At the table of gourmands now often appears,
And assists them no doubt to attain length of (y)ears:
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Indeed, there are dozens of dishes, I'm sure,
That are neither so nourishing, wholesome and pure,
Or so certain a sharp touch of hunger to cure
As—oh! the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Through the growing demand and drought of last year,
Beef and mutton are getting tremendously dear,
And we soon must all turn vegetarians, I fear,
Or else eat the jerked beef of La Plata.
A platter give me of jerked beef!
—*London Punch.*

Rather Thin.

A ludicrous incident occurred at "Woodlawn," on the Bloomingdale road. Jones' Hotel of that place is ornamented with a hostler whose fun is as fearless as his face is ugly. One day in January, while twenty or thirty fast gentlemen were standing on the front balcony of the hotel, an individual rode up the path on the thinnest horse mortal eyes ever looked upon. Leaping from his phantom steed, the equestrian said, turning to the hostler—

"Here, John, give my horse some water."

"Sir?" said John, with a look of astonishment.

"Give my horse some water!" thundered the stranger.

"Your horse!" ejaculated John, with more surprise.

"Yes, you fool, my horse!" said the stranger, looking savagely at him and commenced drawing the lash of his whip through his hand.

John walked toward him as though he would demand an explanation, and had taken about six steps when he suddenly stopped like one surprised beyond expression.

"Bless my soul," said he, "I ask your pardon, sir; but your animal stood on a line with that ere hitchin post, and I didn't see him."

The owner of the spectral beast tried to frown, but a roar from the balcony made him change his mind.

Fifty Cent's Worth of Matrimony.

A young farmer, not overstocked with brains, nor over rich in this world's goods, had come to that crisis in life when he was sure he must commence a double-barrelled existence, or "spile." Having made the necessary preliminary arrangements, in the shape of a rough-board cabin, and a "Barkis who was willin'," he borrowed a horse and wagon, and took a bag of corn and the expectant bride to the mill and the minister's. The corn being left to be ground, the twain who wished to be made one flesh waited on the minister, and, explaining the necessities of the case, demanded to know "How much the swindle would be?" The minister replied that the fee was generally measured by the generosity of the gentleman, but one dollar was the smallest sum considered orthdox. This was beyond the pile of the farmer, but nothing discouraged, he said, "Now see here, old fellow! I haven't got but fifty cents, and you must marry us as far as that will come to, and we'll come again for the balance." The minister could not resist the entreaty, and married the parties so effectually, that they never returned for the other fifty cents' worth.

A Soldier's Remark.

A lady dressed in as luxurious fabrics as ever fluttered from a fairy form "before war's deadly blast was blown," with a sweeping trail behind her on the ground, of indefinite length, turned the corner at the Wayside Hospital yesterday, and as she turned she cast a glance of anxious solicitude back to see if the aforesaid trail was all O. K. A crippled soldier, sitting at the corner enjoying the sun, noticed the movement and the look, and with the view of reassuring the lady, exclaimed—

"It's all right, madam—the rest of it is coming down the street, and will be along shortly. You can sail on—the dress is all settin'."

It is useless to say that the lady did sail on like a three-decker before a full breeze.—*Savannah Republican.*

CONNUBIAL CONVAN.—"Arrah, Pat, an' why did I marry ye, just tell me that—for it's meself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blissed day that Father O'Flannigan sint me to yer home?"

"Swate jewel," replied Pat, "and it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day you are a widow waping over the cowld sod that kivers me—thin by Saint Patrick, I'll see how ye git along widout me, honey."

☞ "I say, Mike, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure; yer honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones!"

☞ Mr. Moore, who derived his pedigree from Noah, explained it in this manner:—"Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and one *more*."

☞ How to catch fleas—go where they are.

1st Swell.—"What have you been doing with yourself the last two months, Charlie?"
2nd Ditto.—"Litewally, my dear fellar, blowing my dose idoseaddly; what have you?"

Penmanship.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

A veteran living statesman has taken occasion, more than once, to notice publicly the rarity of good penmanship in our age, as compared with former times. It is, in our opinion, a well-founded complaint. Few gentlemen now-a-days write a perspicuous hand, or anything better than a scrawl. How often, when a stranger addresses you, do you find one-half of his sentences unintelligible, and his signature so utterly enigmatical, that you are forced into the impoliteness of cutting out the name and pasting it on the envelope of your answer! If you cast your eye over any extended manuscript or sheaf of letters of the early part of the last century, the writing is generally of a very different character. The writer of this note possesses a manuscript of ten volumes, written at different times between 1746 and 1773, by a clergyman, and in the whole of it he has never detected an *e* or an *i* without its loop, or an *i* without its dot; neither, in reading, was he ever at a loss about the meaning of a single sentence. We cannot say much for the handwriting of ladies of that or any earlier age, for a tolerable education for women is a matter of later date. But certainly there was a time—what may be called the era of our mothers—when feminine handwriting was both elegant and intelligible. Old ladies still, as a rule, write better than young ones.

We are not sure if Lord Palmerston has ever pointed to any cause to which this evil may be imputed. But there is one not difficult to see—the great haste with which both men and women now write, as compared with the deliberation of former times. It is not merely that grown-up people write at a sort of gallop, thus necessarily failing to form their letters properly, but even at school the young are in a manner trained to over-rapid writing. One of the masters gives out a set of sentences or a problem composed of arithmetical figures, for the pupils to write down in their exercise-books, or upon their slates, and he or she is reckoned the cleverest who can make these transcripts with the greatest speed. Thus any good the pupils get from the writing-master is undone under the practice of the other teachers. The hurrying habit acquired at school is kept up afterwards, and bad writing becomes fixed and normal.

If this mal-practice of modern education were given up, and men and women would take a little time and a little pains in using their pens, we might hope to see something like a return to the neat and perspicuous writing of the by-past age—a result surely very devoutly to be wished.

Candor.

"There is nothing sheds so fine a light upon the human mind as candor. It was called "whiteness" by the ancients for its purity; and it has always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However little sought for or practiced, all do it the homage of their praise, and all feel the power and charm of its influence. The man whose opinions make the deepest mark upon his fellow men, whose influence is the most lasting and efficient, whose friendship is instinctively sought where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose lucid candor and ingenious truth transmit the heart's real feelings, pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits that have a higher place in the world's code of honor, but none are better, or gather less tarnish by use, or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to virtue.

☞ Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like a sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desirest to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

☞ SUGGESTION FOR SENSIBLE GIRLS.—The difference between a plain young lady and a pretty one is in general merely the difference between two different arrangements of fat and cellular tissue.—*Smellfungus.*

☞ Some one remarked to Mrs. Siddons that applause was necessary to actors, as it gave them confidence. "More," replied the actress; "it gives *breath*."

☞ Dundreary says the only parting that ever troubled him was the parting of his back hair.

☞ Better float on the river tide out to the broad ocean, and be lost in its immensity, than shrivel on some sand bank of life.

☞ The passions are at least bold, generous, although destroying Isms; egotism is a quiet, deep-biting, ever-sucking, venomous bug.

☞ A worthy townsman of ours, who goes by the sobriquet of the Deacon, was met by a lady friend as he emerged from a saloon, and accosted thus: "Good-morning, Deacon; but I am sorry to see you coming out of such a place." To which he dryly replied, "Why, madam, would you have me stay there all the time?"

☞ The man who is attentive to the ladies is a bean—but when they don't like him he is a bo-er.

AGRICULTURAL.

Rural Economy.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—If you and I believe that by printing and publishing our ideas, honestly conceived, and earnestly expressed, convinced that by so doing we can benefit individuals whom we have never heard of, and through these, communities we have never seen; by them, our common country; and lastly—selfishly drawing from the public benefits, our own individual dividends—why—let us write, and print, and publish our ideas, experiments and experience, so long as we believe we have anything of real value to suggest.

Firstly—Let us offer "to whom it may concern" as our President says, our ideas about fences—live—living—growing fences. In the West, we have vast territories of the best agricultural soil in the world, which within the period of our history, has never produced any wooden material with which to fence itself when brought within the limits of civilization. Then, in the middle, and eastern regions, we have smaller territories on which the original fencing material is exhausted, and can never be reproduced; rendering necessary enclosures expensive and inconvenient of achievement.

Let us look about us, and see if we have not an efficient material, always reliable, and everywhere available. I am of the opinion that we have. One of the very cheapest fencing materials that the farmer can lay his hands on. And so common, that like all other very common commodities, it has been carelessly overlooked by the thousands who are looking for economical substitutes for Virginia "worm," post-and-rail, board, pale, and the same time fashionable *wire* fences.

We have had precept and practice on the Osage Orange, Privet, Arbor Vitæ, Thorn, Honey-locust, etc.; but who is there that has experimented with, and pronounced upon, the merits of the humble, modest, *everywhere* Lilach?—*Lilac*—"laylock," many spell, and pronounce the word.

Though of foreign origin, and French birth, the lilac is so cosmopolite in habits, that it accepts kindly all conditions of soil and climate of all countries where it has been introduced, growing vigorously without care or culture. In Canada, on the very confines of frost land, it grows bravely, enduring the rigors of an almost Arctic winter, with the hardihood of a polar bear.

Along the shores of the Mexican Gulf, and within the West Indian tropics, the lilac flourishes most luxuriantly.

In the Teche country of Louisiana I have seen, not very long since, an area of twelve acres hedged in by lines of live lilacs, who for fifty-four years have kept watch and ward around the miniature domain of Victor Villalongue, and are apparently as vigorous to-day, as when in their fifth year of life.

In the mountain regions of East Tennessee, surrounding an old-time mill and mill-house, is a lilac enclosure, of some two acres, perfectly pig proof, the birth time of which dates back beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the region; flourishing still, seemingly unscathed by the destroying hand of time.

Not far from the "Hop Yard," on the Rappahannock, in Old Virginia, across a stretch of swamp land, that one-third of the year is submerged, grows, and has grown there, since the days of the mother of Washington, a double line of lilacs, impervious to all Virginia highwaymen of the pig, puppy, duck, goose, equine, or bovine persuasion; and bidding fair to stand there in healthful vigor, these hundred years to come.

The *lilac* accepts all conditions of soil, endures all vicissitudes of climate, and will laugh at neglect under which almost all our hardy shrubs would languish and die. It is easily propagated, bears the pruning knife as kindly as any other shrub in the world, and judiciously cut, affords a fence as serviceable and neat in appearance as any English hedge of thorns in the Island kingdom. Besides this, the lilac blossom affords a larger amount of better honey than any other flower, the white clover alone excepted. A bee will travel further to revel on a cluster of lilac blossoms than he will to visit a buckwheat field.

The lilac is readily propagated by cuttings simply thrust into the ground, either in the fall or before the buds have much swollen in the spring. It grows rapidly, and if care be taken, and the cuttings are set in two rows, alternating ten inches apart, an efficient, beautiful, and everlasting hedge will be the result.

This is my opinion, and if it shall be considered of any value by those having a garden, or a farm to fence, won't they please to experiment with the lilac, and then give us *their* opinion? COSMO.

Agricultural Items.

Brewers' grains are recommended as excellent manures for city gardens, particularly grapes and strawberries.

In 1864 there were imported into England 203,809,011 lbs. of wool, an increase of 30,000,000 lbs. over 1863.

Lewis Lowry, of Clinton Co., Iowa, plants a root of tansey with each peach tree, and his orchard is never troubled by borers.

It is a common notion that coal ashes mixed with wood ashes injures the lye for soap. A New York chemist has satisfied himself, by analysis, that this is a mere whim.

William B. Barnes, of Davenport, Iowa, recommends, as a cure for blight in pear trees, to dig a hole down among the roots of the tree, and bury a dead dog therein. The sheep owners will thank Mr. Barnes for the recipe, which he says has been successfully tested for thirty years.

The Maine Farmer advises the cutting away of all wool that interferes with the lamb in sucking, as the wool, taken into the stomach, gradually forms a ball which often causes death. The symptoms are, weakness in limbs and voice, falling down of the neck before the shoulders, rounding up of back, and bloating.

L. C. B., Catharine, N. Y., writes to the Rural that the most effectual way he has learned to get rid of quack grass is to seed the land heavily with timothy, mow the crop the following season as soon as it is in blossom, pasture close until cold weather, and follow up this practice for four or five years.

WHEN TO FATTEN BEEF CHEAPEST.—A farmer of large experience tells us he fats his beef in summer, and only calculates to have them hold their own, and be ready for sale when the market suits him; and he calculates that four quarts of meal, with good pasturage in summer and early autumn, will make as much beef as eight quarts of new corn-meal, with the best of hay, in cold weather.

GRAPES ON LIVE TREES.—David Thomas, the late celebrated horticulturist, &c., said the grape never mildews when running over a living tree. Such is the fact. An Isabella grape-vine has mildewed badly for several years. Two years ago I trained the vine over a plum and also a pear tree that stood near. The fruit on that part that runs over the trees is all free from mildew, and truly fine, whilst on some of the lower branches the fruit is worthless.—H. B. in *Horticulturist.*

Product of Six Acres.

I see by the Germantown Telegraph, that Mr. John McGowen raised, on six acres, produce to the amount of $1,001 50, besides a large variety of vegetables and fruit for home use. I have done rather better than that, and will give you a statement of it:

My land is on the "Silver Run Marsh." I have 25 acres. Seven years ago the farm was offered for sale—*marsh thrown in.* Five years ago I began to underdrain, and I have been doing what I could at it ever since. The six acres cultivated—the first crop grown upon it except weeds—produced last year as follows: 550 bushels potatoes, all sold that I had to sell at $1.50 per bushel; 200 bushels corn, for which I am offered $1.65; 1,000 heads of cabbage, at 5 cts., $50; 1,000 bundles blades, sold at 3 cts., $30; corn fodder worth $40; making in all $1,275; besides the family was furnished with a supply of tomatoes, cucumbers, egg plants, Lima and string beans, turnips, and about 500 cabbages too small to market. Also a lot of pumpkins. J. H.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

ENGLISH EVERTON TAFFY.—Two lbs. brown sugar, ½ lb. butter, 1 wine glass of vinegar and water mixed; boil these half an hour. Then try it with a steel in cold water; if it will slip off and break brittle, pour it into pans to cool.

RYE DROP CAKES.—To one pint of sour or butter-milk, add two eggs, a small teaspoon of soda, a little salt and rye meal, sufficient to make a batter that will spread a little, but not run. Drop in muffin-rings with a spoon. For baking they will require twice the time of common griddle-cake. They are also nice baked in cups about fifteen minutes.

JELLY CAKE.—Take three eggs, beat them thoroughly; add one cup of sugar, and one of flour. Stir these well together, add one teaspoon of cream of tartar, and a half teaspoon of soda—the latter dissolved in a little water. Bake in two piepans, evenly and quickly as possible, taking much care that it does not bake too hard around the edges. When the cake is done, slit it out bottom side up on a clean towel, —then spread quite thickly with currant, or other tart jelly, commencing at the end; roll it up, when it will be a round, compact roll. When used, slices are cut from the end. This will keep moist and good for weeks and months.

BREAD WITHOUT CRUST.—The housewife who would bake her bread or biscuit without a dry, hard crust, can do so very readily. Just before placing the bread in the oven, she has only to rub its surface with butter or lard. This will close the pores, prevent the escape of the gas which is produced by the yeast, and the escape of the steam which is produced by the moisture of the heated loaf. Bread thus baked will be almost crustless.

TO GET RID OF INSECTS.—Insects are immediately suffocated by benzine. Those sometimes found in the heads of human beings are destroyed by it at once without any inconvenient result being perceived. It has been employed very successfully in banishing the insects which infest domestic animals, etc. It has also been accidentally discovered that pepperwort, the *Lepidium ruvale* of botanists, powerfully attracts bugs. Dried fragments of it, having been placed in a chamber which was infested with those disgusting and troublesome insects, that could not be got rid of by any other means, were found covered with them. Nearly all of them were dead; the remainder were in such a state of torpor that they could be thrown into the fire without making any effort to escape.

THE RIDDLER.

Historical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 48, 22, 40, 12, 23, 27, 4, 44, 32, was a noted Athenian commander.
My 7, 16, 28, 18, 34, 15, 56, was an Egyptian, and the founder of the kingdom of Athens.
My 14, 27, 25, 21, 42, 31, 50, was an able French writer.
My 38, 20, 44, 2, 5, 51, was King of France in 479.
My 53, 45, 24, 36, 17, 13, 1, 42, 3, was a Greek philosopher of the first rank.
My 20, 30, 33, 11, was one of the most illustrious of Roman historians.
My 35, 47, 10, 43, 26, 54, 8, 50, 39, was an eminent English poet and miscellaneous writer.
My 7, 11, 27, 52, 55, was the name of a large island south-east of Greece.
My 35, 41, 21, 6, 46, was the inventor of the art of printing.
My 28, 19, 49, 24, 32, 29, 2, was an ancient kingdom of Greece.
My whole is exciting much attention and interest at the present time. EVA.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in ape, but not in monkey.
My 2d is in mule, but not in donkey.
My 3d is in cunning, but not in sharp.
My 4th is in music, but not in harp.
My 5th is in pale, but not in wan.
My 6th is in "up spout," but not in pawn.
My 7th is in plunder, but not in take.
My 8th is in duck, and belongs to the drake.
My 9th is in crying, but not in sad.
My 10th is in sinful, but not in bad.
My 11th is in glory, but not in fame.
And my whole is a dish you can easily name.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
Is a Latin proper name.
Is a lake in the North.
Is a Scripture proper name.
Was Queen of Carthage.
Is a boy's name.
Is part of the verb to know.
Is a river in France.
Is a kind of coal.
Was god of medicine.
Is usually found on cloth.
Is what we must all do.
My initials form a state; and my finals its motto. EDWARD NEWTON.
Newport, R. I.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a public house.
My second is a stamp.
My third is a girl's name.
My fourth is a negative adverb.
My whole is one of the Western States of our Union. S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charade.

My first is proverbial for cunning and wile,
And, if followed with ardor, will hours beguile;
My next in the costume of ladies so fair,
Should lightly be drawn, and exactly must pair.
My whole is an emblem, oh men, of thy pride,
It dwells in the hedges, or seeks the wayside,
From head to the waist with glowing bells hung;
Though they give not a sound, and have never a tongue. M. S.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Arrange the numbers from 1 to 121 (inclusive) in the form of a square, so that the sum of the numbers shall be the same, whether added perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally.
WALTER SIVERLY.
Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The globe, A, has a diameter 21.3 times larger than the diameter of B. How much larger is A than B? CAPT. L. B. CHESTER.
☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Progression Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain man undertook to make a far journey. The first day he travelled 40 miles; the next day he only accomplished 39 miles; and so, in geometrical progression, day after day, decreased each subsequent day 1-40th of the distance he travelled the day before; and, by so doing, finished his journey with the close of the 40th day. What is the whole distance he then travelled, and how far had he come the last or 40th day? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is it natural that a young lady having seven lovers should desire to add another to the list? Ans.—Because all ladies wish to fasten eight (fascinate.)

☞ Why is a scratch on the hand like the first flight of a fledgeling? Ans.—It is only a little soar (sore.)

☞ What is the difference between a toad and a toady? Ans.—One loves little bugs, and the other big bugs.

☞ When is a lady's neck not a neck? Ans.—When it is a little bear (bare.)

☞ Why is it not politic to eat pork? Ans.—Because it's not Jew-dish-ous.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back." CHARADE—Coal Oil. DOUBLE REBUS—H. W. Halleck, W. T. Sherman, (Hebrew, Watt, Hastings, Ah, Loire, Lancaster, Elm, Candia, Khan.) CHARADE—Merchant, (Myrrh-chant.) RIDDLE—Chimney-sweeper.